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SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE.

GENIUS is often hereditary, and, though in successive generations it may be directed to different fields of labor, it still bears evidence of being transmitted from a gifted ancestry. Mr. Morse is no exception to this rule, being the son of the Rev. Jedediah Morse, the first American geographer, a man of remarkable abilities. Mr. Morse was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791. He was educated at Yale College, where he graduated in 1810. His taste for art was early manifest, and, finding it impossible to dissuade him from his determination to become a painter, his father at last consented to indulge him, and in 1811 sent him to England, in company with Mr. Allston, under whose tuition and that of Benjamin West he

soon distinguished himself. He formed about this time an intimacy with the afterward-celebrated artist C. R. Leslie, and each painted a portrait of the other. In 1813 Mr. Morse exhibited, in the Royal



Academy, his picture of "The Dying Hercules," a work of colossal size, which received high praise from the art-connoisseurs who visited the exhibition. An original plaster model of the same subject, which he had made to assist him in his painting, was also exhibited, and he received from the Adelphi Society of Arts its gold medal for this, his first attempt at sculpture. Encouraged by this success, the artist determined to contend for the premium in historical composition offered by the Academy the following year. The picture, the subject of which was "The Judgment of Jupiter, in the case of Apollo, Marpesa, and Idas," was completed in time, but Mr. Morse was compelled by circumstances to return to America, early in 1815, before the premiums

were adjudged, and was consequently debarred the privilege of competing for the prize. Benjamin West, then president of the Royal Academy, afterward assured him that he would undoubtedly have won it.

On his return to the United States he settled in his profession in Boston, but, about 1822, removed to New-York City, where he found his works and his abilities as an artist better appreciated, and was constantly employed. Under a commission from the corporation of the city he painted a full-length portrait of Lafayette when he visited this country in 1825. In 1824-'25, in connection with some other artists, he established a drawing association, which formed the nucleus, two years later, of the National Academy of Design. Of this institution he was the first president, and was continued in that office by subsequent elections for sixteen years. The first course of lectures on the subject of art ever delivered in this country were pronounced by him before the New-York Athenæum, and subsequently repeated to the classes of students at the Academy.

In 1829 he visited Europe a second time to complete his studies in art, and remained abroad for somewhat more than three years, residing in turn in the principal cities of the Continent. During his absence in Europe he had been elected to the professorship of the Literature of the Arts of Design in the University of the City of New York, and, in 1835, he delivered a course of lectures before the university on this topic. Prior to this, however, his attention had been directed to a subject which was thenceforth to engross his thoughts and labors. While in college he had been a proficient in chemistry and natural philosophy, as those sciences were then taught, and his interest in them had been subsequently maintained and increased by the new and brilliant discoveries which were making in both sciences. In 1826-'27, when he was lecturing on the fine arts before the New-York Athenæum, his intimate friend, Professor J. Freeman Dana, was lecturing at the same institution on electro-magnetism, and the phenomena of this new discovery were displayed to Mr. Morse by his friend, and excited his deep interest. Professor Dana exhibited and explained in his lectures the electro-magnet constructed on Sturgeon's principle (the first which had been shown in the United States), though his own spiral volute coil approached much more nearly to the electro-magnet of the present day. The Sturgeon electro-magnet eventually came into Mr. Morse's possession by gift from Professor Torrey, but he was not slow to appreciate the advantages of Dana's improved magnet, which in the next five years had come into very general use in the United States.

In the autumn of 1832 Mr. Morse embarked at Havre for the United States on board the packet-ship *Sully*. During the voyage he held several conversations with a gentleman-passenger in regard to the then recent experiments in France with the electro-magnet, in which the electric spark had been produced, and its identity with electricity thus conclusively demonstrated. The question was asked in one of these conversations, "How long a time was occupied by the electric fluid in passing through the coil?" which was a hundred feet or more in length. The reply was that its passage was instantaneous. Mr. Morse suggested that the electric fluid, by means of insulated wire (such as was used in the helix), could be carried to any distance, and might be made to convey and record intelligence. The other persons engaged in the conversation assented indifferently to the remark; but it had taken so firm a hold upon Morse's mind that he undertook to develop the idea which he had thus originated, and, before the completion of the voyage, he had not only worked out in his own mind but had committed to paper the general plan of the invention with which his name is indissolubly connected. His main object was to effect a communication, by means of the electro-magnet, that would leave a permanent record by signs answering for an alphabet, and which, though carried to any distance, would communicate with any place through which the line might pass. His first idea was to pass a strip of paper, saturated with some chemical preparation that would be decomposed when brought in connection with the wire, along which the electric current was passing, and thus by a series of chemical marks, varying in width and number for the different letters of the alphabet, record the message without separating the wire at each point of communication. This was afterward substantially accomplished, though not by him, but was found less convenient in practice than other methods.

On Mr. Morse's return to New York he resumed his profession as a painter, still, however, devoting all his leisure, under great disadvantages, to the perfection of his invention. He constructed a rude apparatus, but it did not work successfully, and he was compelled finally to abandon the chemical process. He next availed himself of the action of the electro-magnet upon a lever as a mode of using pens

and ink as they are used in the ruling-machine. After trying these with but slight success, he substituted pencils for them, and, finding these liable to break, and having ascertained by experiment that he could obtain any requisite force from the lever, he adopted the stylus, or steel point, for indenting the paper, which he has since used. In these various experiments, and in others appertaining to the practical working of the telegraph, three years were consumed, and it was not until 1835 that he had so far perfected his instrument as to be able to exhibit it to his friends, and send by it a message to a distance of half a mile. Even at this time he could not receive an answer through the same wire. The apparatus, though rude, was substantially the same as that since in use in the Morse telegraph, including even the clock-work for regulating the movement of the ribbon of paper.

He was still delayed by the difficulty of having instruments constructed to complete his plan, and by his further experiments in endeavoring to utilize the return-current; and, though he exhibited his experiments to many persons in 1835 and 1836, it was not until the summer of 1837 that he had succeeded in producing instruments by which he could telegraph to a distance and receive replies. In September, 1837, having his whole plan completed, he exhibited to hundreds of people at the University of the City of New York the operation of his system of telegraphing, and in October of the same year filed his caveat at the Patent-Office.

The ensuing winter and spring were devoted to the attempt to interest Congress in the subject, the great advantages of telegraphic communication to the government and the nation, and the vastness of the undertaking, being sufficient reasons for asking aid from that body. He was unsuccessful, no result being reached; and, having abandoned his profession as a painter to devote himself to the development of his new discovery, he was reduced to poverty. He sailed for Europe again in the autumn of 1838, hoping to find there greater encouragement, and to secure the protection of patents for his discoveries. But, unknown to him, Cooke and Wheatstone, in England, and Steinheil, in Munich, had been at work for several years on the same problem, and had reached results, not as simple and perfect as his, but such as had enabled them—the former in 1837, and the latter in 1836—to secure patents for electric telegraphs. The British Patent-Office, uniformly illiberal and niggardly to American inventors whenever there is the slightest ground for pretence that an English inventor has applied for any thing at all similar to the invention or discovery for which protection is sought, promptly refused him letters-patent, on the ground of the similarity of his instruments to those of Wheatstone. In France he obtained only a useless *brevet d'invention*, and no exclusive privilege for his invention in any other country.

He returned to America after a few months, disappointed, but not discouraged, and devoted his time and efforts, for the next four years, to the work of endeavoring to interest his countrymen in his invention. He came again and again before Congress, and, during the short session of 1842-'43, was unwearied in his efforts, even under great disadvantages, to obtain the aid of the Government. On the night of March 3, 1843, the closing night of the session, he had finally given up all hope of success, and had retired to rest, intending to return to New York the next day. But the next morning he was surprised and delighted to find that, at the midnight hour of the expiring session, a bill had passed recognizing his invention, and placing thirty thousand dollars at his disposal for his experimental essay of a telegraphic line between Washington and Baltimore. This line was completed during the next year, and demonstrated the utility of his system of electro-magnetic telegraphs. He had secured his patent in 1840, and, though other plans of recording communications by chemical process (Bains), and by printing in Roman capitals (House, Hughes, Phelps, and others), have since been invented, the simplicity and ready adaptation of Morse's plan have caused its general adoption not only throughout this country, but all over the Eastern Continent. The uses of the telegraph have far exceeded Mr. Morse's most sanguine anticipations, though he foreshadowed the Atlantic telegraph in a letter to the Secretary of the U. S. Treasury as early as August 10, 1843. It now binds Europe and America together by two cables, and others, connecting France and Spain with the United States, are in progress. The West Indies are already connected to us by it, and South America will speedily be in communication with us. The telegraphic wires have spanned our own continent and put us in communication with San Francisco, Portland, Oregon, and the chief towns of British Columbia. From England and France they stretch eastward and southward, and have already

reached Northern Africa, Turkey, India, and China, and the grand scheme of uniting our newly-acquired Northwestern possessions with the eastern coast of Asia, though temporarily in abeyance, will undoubtedly soon be completed, and the world be belted with telegraphic wires.

In our own country every city, every considerable village, even, has its wires and its telegraph-office, and more than fifty thousand miles of wires are in operation, the greater part controlled by a single company with a capital stock of fifty million dollars. The extent of wires throughout the world is more than one hundred thousand miles, four times the circuit of the globe, and they are now increasing at the rate of about ten thousand miles a year. Over nearly the whole of this vast circuit the Morse system is the prevalent one, Steinheil, the Munich inventor, having, with rare and noble generosity, advocated its general adoption at a convention of telegraphic companies in Germany in 1851. The telegraph is also used to determine the longitude by comparing the time of distant points, as a fire-alarm, as a detective, and to regulate the running of railroad trains, and in late wars to direct the movements of troops.

Seldom has it fallen to the lot of any inventor of a great boon to humanity to see his invention so universally adopted. Mr. Morse has been so fortunate as to acquire both fame and wealth by his invention, as he deserved, for his long and patient struggle with adverse circumstances. Few Americans have been more widely and generally honored than he. In 1848 Yale College, his *alma mater*, conferred upon him the degree of LL. D., which she bestows so charily as to make it doubly valuable. The same year he received from the Sultan of Turkey the decoration of the *Nishan Iftikhar* (the Order of Glory), set in diamonds. Gold medals of scientific merit were awarded him by the King of Prussia (the medal set in a massive gold snuff-box), the King of Württemberg, and the Emperor of Austria. The Emperor of France in 1856 conferred on him the Cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; in 1857 he received from the King of Denmark the Cross of Knight of the Dannebrog; and in 1858 from the Queen of Spain the Cross of Knight Commander of the Order of Isabella the Catholic. He has also been elected a member or fellow of many European and American scientific and art academies. In 1860 the Emperor Napoleon III. invited the representatives of the principal European states to meet at Paris and consider the best means of giving the inventor of the electro-magnetic telegraph a collective testimonial. At the meeting ten states were represented, namely: France, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Sardinia, Tuscany, the Holy See, and Turkey; and, after two sessions, the sum of four hundred thousand francs (eighty thousand dollars) was voted to Mr. Morse as an honorary reward for his useful invention. He received in 1856 a public banquet in London from the telegraphic companies of Great Britain, and in 1858 another from Americans in Paris, in which almost every State in the Union was represented. On his return from Europe in 1860 Mr. Morse, who unites in himself the philanthropist and the conservative, endeavored to render some service to the South, in its destitution of churches and schools, the result of the sparse population of the planting States, by the organization of the Southern Aid Society, to which he was a liberal contributor, as well as its principal executive officer. The occurrence of the war put an end, for the time, to the labors of this society.

Mr. Morse has an elegant summer-residence on the Hudson, at Locust Grove, near Poughkeepsie, where, in the society of friends and books, and in scientific pursuits, he spends much of his time. It has always been a cherished hope with him to return to the profession which he abandoned thirty years ago; but it is hardly probable that he will do so. But for his invention of the telegraph, he would undoubtedly have attained a high reputation as an historical painter. Some of his pictures are very highly prized by the connoisseurs who have been so fortunate as to obtain them. A marked example, not only of his fondness for art, but of his reverence for his early art-preceptor and his attachment to his *alma mater*, occurred during the summer of 1867. The new art-gallery of Yale College, the munificent gift of Hon. A. R. Street, was about to be opened to the public, and Mr. Morse, then in Paris, purchased there, for seven thousand dollars, Allston's historical painting "Jeremiah," and sent it as a present to the art-gallery, shipping it so that it might arrive in season for the opening.

In all the duties of his active and busy life, as artist, inventor, or connoisseur, and amid all the honors he has received from abroad,

Mr. Morse has never forgotten and never regretted that he was, before aught else, an American citizen. The love of his country has been with him ever a ruling and absorbing passion, and the nation has few sons of whom she has as much cause to be proud.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE ATLMER."

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE SICK LADY.

Two weeks after Miss Tresham had taken her departure from Tallahoma, a carriage, containing a solitary traveller, drove into the town of Hartsburg—a place of considerable importance, situated some thirty miles southwest of Saxford.

"The Planters' Hotel, Cyrus," said the traveller, as the carriage turned into the Main Street; "or, no—I was cheated shamefully there as we went on—the Eagle Hotel, I believe."

"Whar that be, Mass John?"

"Two squares below the other house, on the corner of the street."

Two squares below the other house the carriage proceeded, and stopped before a large, rambling frame building, two stories high, with a double piazza running the whole length of the front. An uninviting hostelry, people would think nowadays, with ideas of brick and stucco in their minds; but in that day the standard of comfort for the unfortunate travelling public was by no means a high one, and, as houses of entertainment went, the Eagle Hotel was by no means to be despised. A "tavern" look about it, unmistakably; a "tavern" odor, very certainly; but still—well, there were worse places (probably the traveller had spent the night before at one of them), and in that thought was comfort.

When the carriage stopped, a man came forward from the group of smokers and loungers congregated, according to invariable custom, on the front piazza, and reached the door just as it was opened and the traveller stepped out.

"Well, Mr. Crump, how are you?" said the latter, with a smile.

"Why, Mr. Warwick! how do you do, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Crump, extending his hand. "I had no idea it was you! You don't usually travel in this sort of conveyance. Walk in, sir—walk in. Come down to court, I suppose?"

"No; I have been below, and am on my way back to Tallahoma. Is it court-week?"

"To be sure, sir, and the house full of lawyers. I never saw a larger crowd."

"Perhaps you can't accommodate me, then?"

"Never fear about that, sir. The old woman will find you a room, if she has to turn the judge himself out.—Drive the carriage round to the stables, boy, and see the hostler about a place for your horses.—Now, Mr. Warwick—"

He turned, but Mr. Warwick was already surrounded by half a dozen men—gentlemen of the legal fraternity—who were shaking hands, and cordially welcoming him. They were all glad to see him; all seemed astonished when they heard that he had not "come to court;" and all inquired if it was possible he had no cases on the docket. While he was answering their questions, and endeavoring to make them understand that it was merely by accident he chanced to be in Hartsburg, Mr. Crump seized his portmanteau, and, carrying it into the house, called vociferously for "the old woman." This personage not being forthcoming, half a dozen servants appeared from as many different quarters, and to one of them Mr. Crump addressed himself.

"Sam, take this valise up-stairs, and ask your mistress where it's to go. Tell her it's Mr. Warwick's, from Tallahoma.—Where the dickens is she? Don't any of you know?"

"She's in the sick lady's room, sir," said a tall negro-woman, who came down-stairs as he spoke. "She says as how she'll be here in a minute."

"Deuce take the sick lady—pshaw! I don't mean that either; but it seems to me Selina's never anywhere else these days. How is she, anyhow?—the lady, I mean."

The woman shook her head with that doleful solemnity which a negro finds real and sensible pleasure in indulging.

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"Miss Selina thinks she's some better, sir," she said, and, with this significant mode of expressing her own opinion, vanished.

Mr. Crump gave a low whistle, expressive, apparently, of his own view on the subject, and, turning, was about to go out of the door, when he met Mr. Warwick coming in.

"Well," said the lawyer, smiling, "how is it? Can Mrs. Crump find a corner for me? I shall only trouble her for one night."

"I don't doubt that she'll find room for you, sir; but I haven't seen her yet. She's busy with a sick boarder, who's been giving us no end of trouble."

"Indeed! But Mrs. Crump don't mind trouble, I know."

Mr. Crump muttered something in reply about "court-week," and "the house being full," from which it was to be supposed that he thought it would be better for him if his wife did mind trouble a little more. He evidently felt injured; but, before he had time for further expression of his sentiments, a stout, pleasant-faced woman of about fifty came down-stairs and advanced toward them. She greeted the lawyer in rather a preoccupied manner, and then, instead of saying any thing about his room, turned to her husband.

"You'll have to send for the doctor again, Tom. I thought, a little while ago, that she was better; but I don't like the way her fever's rising now, and I'm afraid she's going to be light-headed again."

"But, Selina, here's Mr. Warwick wants a room, and—"

"I'll see about Mr. Warwick presently," said Selina, looking at him with a pair of kindly yet somewhat anxious eyes. "That poor child up-stairs stays on my mind; and, do what I will, I can't get her off of it. Go along, Tom, and send for the doctor, as I told you.—Mr. Warwick, you don't mind my being a little put out, I am sure. If you'll come with me, I'll try and find you a room. Somehow I had an idea you'd be here this week, and I saved you one right alongside of the judge's. I'll go and look in to see that all's right."

She led the way up-stairs, and Mr. Warwick, as in duty bound, had nothing but thanks for the room into which she showed him—it being very comfortable, according to the ideas of comfort existing at that time. While she still lingered, touching a chair here, and arranging a curtain there, he made the ordinary inquiries concerning her health and domestic affairs; and, after these were answered, she, of her own accord, led the conversation back to her sick boarder.

"A poor young thing that don't seem to have any friends, and—though I wouldn't tell Tom so—I'll venture to say, not over-much money," she said. "She come here in the stage one night, and meant to go on next morning; but, Lord bless you! she was took down with a fever, and, though that was more'n a week ago, she hasn't lifted up her head since. I've tried to get her to tell me who her friends are, so that I can write to 'em; but she won't. She says she ain't got any, which, you know, sir, would look badly, if she wasn't such a real lady."

"She is a lady—is she?" asked Mr. Warwick, carelessly. The sick woman was to him a matter of infinitely less importance than some fresh water and some hot coffee.

"A real lady, sir, as ever I saw—no half-way trash, I can tell you. That's the pity of it, and that's what makes me so anxious to find out who she is, and where she belongs. I'm as sure she's run away from home as I can be; and, if a man is not somehow or other at the bottom of it, my name isn't Selina Crump. I only wish he'd dare to come here, and set his foot inside the Eagle Hotel!"

"What would you do to him if he did?" asked Mr. Warwick, who, despite his weariness and impatience, was amused by the tone in which the landlady's last words were uttered.

"What would I do? I'd scald him—that's what I'd do! I'd put on a kettle of water specially for him, if I only knew when he was coming; and I'd show him how he come into a honest house, after 'ficing off a pretty girl like that, and then leaving her to die, or to get well as best she could!"

"But why are you so sure that a man's at the bottom of it?"

In reply to this, Mrs. Crump became somewhat mysterious and reticent; but it finally appeared that the lady had been delirious, and, when in that state, had talked a great deal of nonsense, especially about a somebody named "John."

"She always thinks he's after her," said the landlady, solemnly, "and she's always trying to get away from him."

"Probably he is her husband," said the lawyer, basing his remark

upon an extended knowledge of human nature in the marital relation.

Mrs. Crump obstinately shook her head, and obstinately held her ground—blind to the longing glance which Mr. Warwick, with the dust of a day's journey upon him, directed to the wash-stand.

"There's something about a married woman a body can almost always tell," she said. "I'm as sure as can be that this girl ain't married. P'raps she's run away to do it; but that's a different matter, and all the more I'd like to send her back to her friends." A pause; then, in an insinuating tone, "I thought you might help me to find out somethin' about her, Mr. Warwick, knowing so many people as you do. I haven't said a word to anybody else, because she's such a lady that somehow I didn't like to do it. But Tom is mighty snappish about her, and, if I could only find out who she is, it might make him hold his tongue."

"I do know a good many people," said Mr. Warwick, patiently; "but it is quite impossible for me to tell whether I know the relations or friends of this sick lady among them. Pray, what is her name?"

"She wrote it down when she came, and Tom put it on the register; but my head's dreadful for remembering such things, and I couldn't tell it to you now, if my life depended on it. I saw a book lying on the table with her name written in it, though, and I'll go and get that for you."

Without waiting for an answer, she left the room, and, with another regretful glance at the wash-stand, Mr. Warwick walked to the window, to await her return. At that moment the principal thought in his mind was a wish that he had gone to the Planters' Hotel. He began to wonder if there were any "sick ladies" there, to be thrust remorselessly upon the attention of travellers, and defer indefinitely those ablutions of which tired nature (when just off a journey) first and foremost stands in need. "Mrs. Crump ought to know better," he said to himself, a little indignantly; and, as he said it, the door opened, and Mrs. Crump reappeared with a small, black, much-worn book in her hand.

"When she was herself, she mostly had it on the bed by her," said the good woman; "but to-day she's been light-headed, and so I put it on the table, and in that way I got it without disturbing her. Here it is, Mr. Warwick, and the name's in it."

Mr. Warwick took the volume, and, as he did so, he could not repress a start, or account for a sudden chill instinct, that seemed to rush over him. The book was a pocket-edition of Thomas à Kempis's "Following of Christ," and at once struck him as strangely similar to one that he had often seen in Katharine Tresham's hand. It was her familiar companion, and, as such, familiar to him also. Just now he could have sworn that this was the very book—he knew the very look of the worn edges, the embossed cross in the middle of the back, and the smaller crosses at each corner. "I am a fool!" he thought, and opened it at once, at the fly-leaf. There, traced in faded ink, he read, "To Katharine Tresham, from her aunt, Mary Tresham," and a date fourteen years before!

To say that Mrs. Crump was startled by the face that turned round upon her, would be to describe her sensations very inadequately—for she was in fact astounded. She fell back a little, and grasped the bedpost in a state of alarm.

"Goodness alive, Mr. Warwick!" she cried; "what's the matter?"

"Is that the name which the lady gave you?" asked Mr. Warwick, following her, and pointing to the writing on the fly-leaf—"Is that the name?"

"Why, to be sure that's the name. I—I told you it was in the book." Then gaining courage—"Is any thing wrong about her, Mr. Warwick? Oh, me! what will Tom say?"

"Wrong!" repeated Mr. Warwick, in a tone that made her start back again. Then he stopped and recollected himself. "You have acted quite properly, Mrs. Crump," he said, quietly, "and your decision in this matter shows you to be a woman of good judgment, as well as of kind heart. This is a lady—" he emphasized the word—"whom I left at my sister's house, in Tallahoma, and whom I am naturally surprised to find here. I know her well, and can vouch for her in every particular. Will you sit down and tell me how she came here, and every thing that you know about her?"

Mrs. Crump willingly obeyed; but out of her verbose narrative Mr. Warwick gathered very little more than he had heard already. On Wednesday, a week before (this was Thursday), Miss Tresham had

arrived in Hartsburg, and stopped at the Eagle Hotel for the night, declaring her intention of continuing her journey (destination unknown), the next morning. As the landlady learned afterward, she had a burning fever all night, and, when morning came, was not able to leave her bed. Since then, she had steadily grown worse, and lay in alternate stupor and delirium most of the time. When questioned about medical attendance, Mrs. Crump answered, hesitatingly. The doctor had not come very often—perhaps because he thought it extremely doubtful whether he would ever be paid for coming at all—and had not spoken by any means encouragingly. "I don't think he's got much idea that she'll live," said Mrs. Crump. "He told me I'd better try my best to find out about her friends."

"Who is the doctor—Randolph?"

"No, sir; a new doctor—Joyner is his name—who, I thought, might pay more attention, because he hasn't got any practice to speak of."

"I should like to see him when he comes, and, meanwhile, I wish you would send a messenger for Dr. Randolph. I—" He stopped a moment, as there came a knock at the door. "Who is that?"

"It's me, sir," responded an unmistakably African voice. "Mass Tom sent me to see if Miss S'lina's up here."

"What does he want?" asked Mrs. Crump, going forward and opening the door.

"He say the doctor's come, ma'am, and Mom Hannah's done took him in the sick lady's room."

"You had better go at once," said Mr. Warwick, as she turned and looked at him. "Be sure and send the doctor to me before he leaves. I will wait for him here."

After she left, he sat quite still—totally forgetful of the dust now—trying to realize, and, if possible, to account for this singular freak of circumstance. But the more he thought, the more absolutely puzzled he became—the more difficult it was to believe that the woman of whom Mrs. Crump spoke, the woman who lay thus, sick and helpless at the mercy of strangers, was the Katharine Tresham whom he fancied safe in his sister's home, the Katharine Tresham whom he had seen last in her white ball-dress, with the blue flowers in her soft, brown hair! "There must be some mistake!" he said, half aloud. "It cannot be!" But, as he uttered the words, he looked at the little book still in his hand, and it seemed to answer, "It is so!" But how did she come here—so strangely friendless and alone? It was vain to ask himself that question—vain to torment himself with fruitless conjectures. Of course, he thought of St. John, of Mrs. Gordon, of his sister, of Annesley, of the money drawn at the bank, and Mr. Marks's comment upon it—but all these people and things were hopelessly confused in his mind. He could not even frame out of them a conjecture plausible enough to satisfy himself. One random thought succeeded another, until at last, to escape from them, he rose and started to leave the room. "I'll meet the doctor," he said. This intention was frustrated, however, for the doctor was at the door.

"Mr. Warwick?" said he, interrogatively.

"Yes," said Mr. Warwick. "Dr. Joyner, I presume? Walk in, sir. I wish to speak to you."

Dr. Joyner bowed and walked in. He had on his professional face and his professional manner. Having said this, it is useless to say how he looked in the matter of expression, for all doctors look alike under these circumstances. The drill of a soldier is not more exactly marked than this professional mask, which is so widely prevalent that an inquiring observer is sometimes driven to wonder if the novices of medicine are taught deportment as well as science. In the way of personal appearance, Dr. Joyner was a man who might have been twenty-five by his figure, and forty-five by his face. The anomaly of youth and age is not often seen united in the same person; but, when it is, it strikes us unpleasantly—we can scarcely tell why. It struck Mr. Warwick unpleasantly as soon as the physician entered the room, and yet he could not possibly have given his reasons for the feeling. Dr. Joyner sat down, and opened the conversation himself.

"I was referred to you by Mrs. Crump, sir. I understand that you are a friend of the lady I have just seen."

"Yes," answered Mr. Warwick, "I am a friend of hers, and, in the absence of other friends, I am anxious to hear an exact account of her case. Will you be good enough to give it me?"

This direct question seemed to embarrass the doctor a little. He

had uncertain sort of eyes, that were given to shifting their gaze. They shifted it immediately, and, instead of looking at the lawyer's face, gazed out of the window.

"The lady's case is a peculiar one," he said. "I am by no means sure that the illness under which she is laboring has developed itself sufficiently for me to give it a specific name."

Mr. Warwick looked astonished. "What!" he said. "She has been ill for a week, the landlady tells me, and you are not yet able to give her disease a specific name!"

"The symptoms have developed themselves slowly," answered the doctor, stiffly. "I have treated her, in a general way, for fever produced by cold and excitement; but to-day I begin to think that the brain is becoming involved. If so—" He stopped and hesitated.

Mr. Warwick turned a little pale, but took up his sentence quietly:

"If so, you think her life in danger?"

"Well, I don't go so far as that; but I think her illness may be very serious."

There was a pause. The doctor's eyes shifted from the window to the mantel-piece, and thence travelled back to his questioner's face. They rested there in keen and undisturbed scrutiny for several minutes, Mr. Warwick being deep in thought, with his brows slightly knitted, and his own gaze fastened on the floor. Without looking up, he said, slowly:

"If I only knew what to do!"

"I would advise you to write to the lady's friends, if you know them, sir," said the doctor, quietly.

The other started, and glanced up.

"I beg your pardon. I was thinking aloud. Can I see your patient?"

"You can see her, certainly."

"Will it not be dangerous? will it not excite her?"

"It cannot possibly excite her, for she knows nobody."

"She could not answer a single question, then?"

"Not when I left her, ten minutes ago."

Mr. Warwick resumed his scrutiny of the carpet, and Dr. Joyner resumed his scrutiny of Mr. Warwick. In this way another minute passed. Then the lawyer rose.

"Will you come with me to her room?" he said. "Since I am her only friend within reach, I must see her, and judge for myself of her condition."

"I am at your service," said the other, rising in turn.

They left the room, and walked down the passage together, making one or two sharp turns around sharp corners—for the house was built with a daring disregard of any plan or order whatever—and finally pausing before a door, at which the doctor tapped lightly. A negro-woman—the same who had spoken to Mr. Crump in the passage below—opened it, and, seeing the doctor, made way for them to enter.

A queer little room, with a fireplace in the corner, and dark-green walls, that contrasted strongly with clean white curtains, was what the lawyer saw. The furniture was plain and scanty, but there was not space for much; and the bed, which occupied the most prominent place, was neatly draped in spotless coverings. The best that the house afforded was plainly here, and it was evident that Katharine had suffered from no neglect at the hands of her entertainers. Without saying a word, the doctor led the way to the bed, and Mr. Warwick followed him. Standing side by side, they looked down on the sick girl.

She had fallen into a light slumber, and lay with her head thrown back over the pillows, showing the white arch of her throat, and its large arteries, beating with a rush that it was painful to watch. Her cheeks were deeply flushed; her hair fell in tangled masses all about her face; and her lips were bright scarlet. She made a lovely picture, seen in the half-darkened room, with the white draperies of the bed surrounding her; but it was a picture lovely with that awful glow of fever which hushes our breath even when we see it in a stranger. The most inexperienced person looking on could hardly have failed to perceive that, if life and death were not already wrestling here, the hour of their struggle was not far distant, and the issue more than doubtful. One hand was thrown, as if in fevered restlessness, outside the counterpane. Mr. Warwick stooped down and laid his finger lightly on the wrist. Almost immediately he lifted his face, and looked at the doctor.

"Feel her pulse," he said. "I may be inexperienced; but it seems to me that it is going at a fearful rate. I cannot count it."

Even in the dim light, it was evident to his keen eyes that the doctor changed color. He drew out his watch, and, taking the wrist, began counting the pulse, speaking after a while without lifting his eyes.

"Her fever is rising. I was afraid it would. She seemed so much lowered in strength yesterday that I ordered stimulants, and I think they have been pressed too far. She was delirious when I was here a while ago."

"She seems to be sleeping now."

"Speak to her, and see if you can rouse her."

Mr. Warwick spoke. His words roused her, for she opened her eyes at once; but there was no consciousness in their gaze. They looked at him blankly, and, when he spoke again, she answered in the aimless wanderings of delirium—few words—words without any gleam of reason—accompanied by a wild and painful glare of the eye, so foreign to its usual soft expression that it absolutely destroyed her resemblance to herself, and made Mr. Warwick almost question if this were indeed Katharine Tresham. After a minute spent in close and attentive observation, he walked to the door, and beckoned the doctor to follow him. Once outside, he stopped and turned, thus facing the other.

"I find that the case is much more serious than I could possibly have imagined," he said. "I fear that there has been some neglect."

"It was quite impossible for me to nurse the patient as well as prescribe for her," answered the doctor, coldly. "All that I could do I have done."

"Then I suppose you will not object to my calling in another physician? I have sent for Dr. Randolph."

He said this in a matter-of-course tone; but he was not unprepared for what followed. His distrust of the doctor—increasing continually ever since the doctor entered his room—made him expect very much the reply that came. The man flushed deeply, and drew back with a stiff little bow.

"In that event, I beg leave to withdraw from the case. I decline to go into consultation with Dr. Randolph."

"Be good enough, then, to make out your bill and send it to me," said Mr. Warwick. "Good-evening."

He left the man standing at the head of the stairs, and went down, smiling a little to himself. "It did not cost much trouble," he said, half aloud, as he looked round in search of Mr. Crump. That worthy was easily found, and matters were soon placed on a satisfactory footing. Mr. Warwick had very vague ideas on the subject of sick-nursing; but he knew that unremitting attention was an item of the first importance, and he provided for this by engaging the services of two women, who were to relieve each other on duty.

"Hannah's up-stairs now," said Mr. Crump, "and Elsie'll be on hand when she's wanted. Is there any thing else, Mr. Warwick?"

"I asked Mrs. Crump to send for Dr. Randolph. Do you know whether she did so?"

Before Mr. Crump could reply, a heavy step sounded in the passage outside the room in which they were standing, and a round, full voice was heard asking, "Which room?"

"There's the doctor now," said Mr. Crump.—"This way, doctor! Here's Mr. Warwick."

"This way—is it?" responded the same jovial voice; and the next instant a tall, stout man, with a frank, pleasant face, and an eye of that peculiar color which can only be called "laughing hazel," entered the apartment, lightly swinging a stick, formidable enough to have been an Irishman's shillalah.

"Well, doctor, how are you?" said Mr. Warwick, meeting him with extended hand.

"Mr. Warwick, I am delighted to see you, and to see you looking so well," said the doctor, giving the hand a cordial shake. "I was afraid, from the urgency of the message, that I should find you seriously ill. You haven't much the look of a sick man," he added, laughing. "What is the matter?—broken down from over-work? I've prophesied that, you know."

"Your prophecy is not verified yet, at any rate. But you are mistaken; I am not the patient for whom you were summoned. There is a lady here under my care" (Mr. Crump opened his eyes to their fullest extent), "who is, I fear, dangerously ill. I want you to see her."

"What is the matter with her?"

"That is what I want you to tell me. I am afraid, however, that she has brain-fever."

"When was she taken?"

"A week ago."

"A week ago—*here?*"

"Yes—*here.*"

"And who has been attending her?"

"A doctor of whom I know nothing but that his name is Joyner."

At the sound of that name, Dr. Randolph dropped his eyes, which had been fastened on the speaker's face, looked in the fire, and said "Humph!" in a significant manner, that was not lost on Mr. Warwick. He at once hastened to explain.

"Don't think that I called him in, doctor. Miss Tresham came here a week ago, as I tell you, and was taken ill. Mrs. Crump called in Dr. Joyner. I arrived an hour ago, and I have already dismissed him. With little or no knowledge of medicine, I am still able to perceive that he has been grossly mistreating the case. What I ask of you now is to see if you can repair the mischief he has done."

"That may be harder than you think," said the doctor, gravely. "A week—however, I will reserve my opinion till I see the patient; and that I will do immediately, if you please."

Mr. Warwick led the way to Miss Tresham's room, and just at the door they met Mrs. Crump coming out.

"Oh, dear, I am glad to see you!" she said to the doctor. "She is clean gone out of her head, and the Lord knows I haven't an idea what to do with her."

The doctor did not utter a word, but passed her hastily and entered the chamber. One step took him to the bed, where, with flaming cheeks, and eyes bright with the awful glare of fever, Katharine lay tossing and raving wildly. He gave a single glance, then turned and drew back the curtain from a window near him. It chanced to be toward the west, and the rays of the setting sun streamed with a flood of golden glory into the little room, filling it with an almost dazzling radiance. The sudden rush of light almost blinded the others; but the doctor bent over the bed, felt the pulse that bounded beneath his touch, and gazed intently into the eyes that met his own.

When he raised his face, Mr. Warwick was startled by the gravity of his brow and lip. "Bring a basin here," he said to the servant. To Mrs. Crump, "Bare her arm." He drew a small case from his pocket. The next moment, there was the gleam of a lancet, a sharp stroke into the soft, white flesh, and a stream of dark-red blood pouring into the basin.

"Bandages," he said to Mrs. Crump, who was standing by. While she was gone for them, he turned to Mr. Warwick, and added, "Brain-fever of the most violent type. This is the only hope of saving her life."

"It is brain-fever, then?"

"Beyond doubt. If I had only seen her a day earlier!"

"Thank God it is not a day later!" said the lawyer, under his breath.

There was no time for any thing more. Mrs. Crump returned, and the doctor immediately devoted his whole energy to his patient. In the face of all remonstrances and entreaties to the contrary (Mrs. Crump and Mom Hannah freely treated him to both), he bled her until insensibility took the place of violent raving. Then, and then only, he stopped the flow of the blood, and bound up her arm. After this, he called for a pair of scissors and for ice. With the first, he remorselessly cut from her head the rich, brown locks that had crowned it like a glory, and, when they lay scattered over the bed, he saturated a towel with water, filled it with ice, and bound it around the burning temples.

"There!" he said, speaking for the first time, after this was done. "Remember, Hannah, this is your business—to keep a supply of towels and ice at hand, and change them whenever the chill has worn off. With the fever, that won't be long. Mrs. Crump, I suppose you have no time to spare—"

"Indeed, doctor, I shall take the time," interrupted Mrs. Crump, hastily. "Just tell me what you want done, and I'll engage to do it, no matter what else goes undone."

"Just at present there is nothing to do, except to send for some leeches, and try and keep things as quiet as possible. Could you give

those gentlemen down-stairs a hint that there is a case of brain-fever in the house, and that a little less noise would be desirable?"

"I'll give 'em something more'n a hint," answered Mrs. Crump, decidedly—and left the room, to send for the leeches, and command the peace.

"A word with you, Mr. Warwick," said the doctor, walking away to the farthest window. "I think it right to tell you," he went on, as Mr. Warwick followed him, "that this attack is a very dangerous one, and, from present appearance, the chances are that it will prove fatal in its result. If the young lady has any friends, they ought to be communicated with at once."

He paused as if for a reply; but Mr. Warwick did not speak. Situated as he was—in utter ignorance how or why Katharine had left his sister's house—it was impossible for him not to hesitate when thus summarily brought to the point of positive action. He did hesitate—he ran over in his mind the unsatisfactory condition of affairs when he left home, and the unsatisfactory conjectures that had beset him an hour ago, without arriving at any result. Finally, he looked at the doctor, and made a simple statement of facts.

"In few words, doctor, I don't like to do this without Miss Tresham's sanction," he said. "She is a foreigner, with no relations in America, and as for her friends—I can only account for her presence here by supposing that some estrangement has occurred to separate her from those who might be called her friends. Under these circumstances, I do not think that my interference could do any good—certainly not by means of letters."

"But when her life is in danger?"

"That statement would, of course, be sufficient to bring relatives to her bedside; but you know the world well enough to be able to judge whether it would be likely to have any effect on those who were simply bound to her by ties of convenience."

The doctor was silenced. He looked from the bed to the lawyer, and from the lawyer to the bed, trying to understand the matter, and failing utterly to do so. In the range of his professional experience, many sad pages of human life had come under his eye—as they come under the eye of all men of all professions, and of all physicians especially—many desolate stories had been laid bare to him, many woful tragedies had been acted before him, until out of very familiarity, he had grown callous to these varied phases of the one great drama of human suffering. But now he felt strangely touched. That this girl, so young, so fair—had she been ugly, the position would have lost half its pathos!—so evidently of tender nurture, should be thrown utterly friendless, utterly alone, upon the care and kindness of strangers, seemed to him inexpressibly pitiful. He felt for her deeply—felt as he had not felt for any one since he was young and impressionable, and new at his profession; but with regard to John Warwick, his part in the matter the doctor failed entirely to comprehend. If all that he had said were true, what interest had he in the girl, what right to make her safety his personal care? Such conduct was so unlike the quiet, reserved lawyer, always gravely courteous to women, yet always carefully avoiding them, that it seemed incredible. Reading the doctor's surprise in the doctor's face, Mr. Warwick—for Katharine's sake—addressed himself frankly to it.

"I see you think it strange that I should occupy the position I do," he said; "but if you will consider a moment, I think you will understand why and how it is. Miss Tresham has been living in my sister's house for two years, and I have learned to know her well, and to respect her highly. I do not know why she has left her position; but I am confident that it was by no fault of her own; and it would be strange if—meeting her accidentally, as I have done—I did not do every thing in my power for her. Considering that I am old enough to be her father, I am sure you will grant this."

"Leaving your age out of the question," said the doctor, with a shade of his usual jovial smile, "I grant it fully, Mr. Warwick. Your conduct is that of a true-hearted gentleman, and you have my hearty respect and support. God willing, we'll pull the poor girl through, with or without help from anybody else. Now tell me if you have any idea of the cause of her illness."

"Not the least. When I saw her last she was in perfect health."

"That was when?"

"Less than three weeks ago."

"Have you any reason to suppose that she may have been suffering from trouble or distress of mind?"

Mr. Warwick thought of St. John, and paused a moment before

he replied. "I do not know," he said. "I think it probable that she has; but if so, we cannot reach the cause, and it is useless to consider it. Do you suppose that mental trouble has brought this on?"

"I cannot tell—I can only make a surmise from the condition in which I find her. Speaking in the dark, I should say that mental trouble, liberally aided and abetted by quack treatment, has brought it on."

"My instinct was right, then—that man is a quack?"

"A quack! That old woman yonder has quite as good a right to put M. D. after her name, and, I dare say, a much better amount of medical knowledge to support it. The scoundrel has hardly the barest smattering of information on the subject—as he proves by leaving a case whenever another doctor is called in. This is not the first patient he has brought to death's door—and, unfortunately, some of them go beyond it. Last week a poor fellow died under his hands—a carpenter with a large family. As clear a case of butchery as ever I saw!"

"Is there no way of stopping this?"

"There is no way as long as people, like our friend Mrs. Crump, choose to send for him. We live in a free country, you know, and when a man comes and settles among us, there is no competent authority to examine his diploma, and give him a license before he sets to work killing people."

"I think if I see him again, I shall feel very much tempted to put it out of his power to do any more mischief—for some time to come, at least."

"He is not likely to let you see him again. To give the rascal his due, he is the embodiment of discretion. As I came along the street, somebody told me that one of his other patients—his only other one, I expect—was in a critical condition. If she dies, I am inclined to think that the town will become too hot to hold him. But we must make arrangements for to-night. Somebody must sit up here—somebody who can be relied on to follow my directions exactly."

"I will do it."

"You can, if you choose—and so shall I, for that matter. But there must be somebody besides—a woman, of course. Mrs. Crump would be the person, if she was not broken down; but, from her looks, I should say that she was up last night. I'll send my wife. She will be glad to be of service."

"Doctor, how can I thank you!"

"Don't think of such a thing till we see how it turns out." He walked to the bed, and looked down at the hotly-flushed face, the parched lips, and wandering eyes, with a glance of pity. "Poor girl!" he said to himself. Then, sharply, aloud to the old woman, "More ice here—change these cloths." Then, again, to Warwick, "It all hangs on a thread. There is no telling what the end will be."

• [TO BE CONTINUED.]

PUT TO THEIR TRUMPS.

TWO young men sat on the piazza of the Assimiquid House at dusk of a September evening smoking their meerschaums, and silently listening to the chirping of the tree-toads and the other various sounds that usher in a night in the country.

The Assimiquid House stood on the outskirts of the little village of Racketville, and directly above Assimiquid Lake, which was the chief attraction to city visitors, and sufficiently so to draw quite a gathering of them each successive season, to boat, fish, flirt, and otherwise disport themselves. My two young men had heard of it this particular season; and, having a few weeks' holiday, had concluded to pass the time there.

Jack Savage, the elder of the two, was a young lawyer from New York; and his friend and room-mate, Tom Wetherell, was book-keeper in a large banking-house in the same city. The hotel had been pretty well filled during the three weeks of their stay, but was now thinning out as the cool weather drew nearer, and there were, in fact, but two or three families left at the time my story commences. Among these, the one most interesting to the two friends was an old lady from Boston, and her two daughters, who had been regular visitors at the house for years. Her name was Campbell, and the two girls—Maggie and Susie—had been the chosen companions of

Savage and Wetherell, until quite an intimacy had sprung up between them, which was not in the least objected to by the mother, who had learned all about the young men and their connections through some of those sources which elderly ladies with marriageable daughters always have at their command, and are by no means disinclined to employ, when occasion offers. The little hotel, with its pretty Indian name, was a second home to them; and its landlord—old Bob Rogers—almost a second father to the girls.

It was an unpretending little hostelry, the Assimiquid; buried in a thick grove of elms and horse-chestnuts, and these only cut away in front to give a clear and unobstructed view of the placid lake, which stretched away for miles toward the setting sun. An unpretending place; but, to those who knew it, none could be more homelike or better loved.

In front, the long and broad piazza offered a delightful resting-place in the cool mornings and evenings; a brilliant flower-garden extended down to the gateway, whence a drive passed in front and completely around the house. The young people had sailed on the lake; ridden and driven about the country; fished and flirted to their hearts' content; and now, when only a week longer remained of their pleasant sojourn, they each began to discover that the parting—like many such—would not be without its pangs.

So the two friends sat rather moodily, listening to the tree-toads; the young ladies having gone with Mrs. Campbell to pass the evening with some friends in the village.

But they were not alone moody on account of the near approach of the time for their departure; they each had another unwelcome cause for mental disquietude, in the melancholy fact that they were both in that condition of impecuniosity commonly known as "dead broke." The fact was that, before reaching Racketville, the two friends had passed a week at one of the watering-places, which had so diminished their resources that on their arrival at the Assimiquid they had little or nothing between them.

At first, they treated the matter as a joke, for Tom Wetherell said he had only to write to the bank to get all the money that was necessary; so, after a week, he did write, but up to date had received no answer, which had rather nonplussed him, though he was informed by jolly Mr. Rogers, the landlord, that the mails were frequently delayed, through the slowness of the country means for transportation; and, sometimes, even never reached their destination at all, which was not in the highest degree reassuring. Tom had written a second letter, which met with no better success, and now matters began to look serious, as poor Jack Savage had no one to whom he could very well apply for money, though he was, nevertheless, in the receipt of a handsome income from his practice.

"I say, Tom," said Jack, at length, removing his pipe from his mouth, "why don't you draw on the bank, and get old Rogers to cash it, for enough to pay our bill and take us home?"

"It would be as much as my situation is worth," replied his friend; "the cashier don't like me overmuch, anyhow, and that would finish me completely."

"Can't you draw on the governor?" was the next suggestion.

"No. I tried it once, and he rowed me so I'll never attempt it again, I assure you. No, we'll have to leave our luggage as security, and foot it home, as far as I can see."

"I'll be hanged if we do!" rejoined Savage, rising and pacing the platform. "By Jove, it does seem as if two sharp young fellows like us ought to be able to lit on some dodge better than that. Confound it, I never was in such a position in my life; and what makes it worse is, that we needn't be in it now if we hadn't been a couple of unlimited asses. We might have brought more money along if we had known enough."

"If we had only kept away from that infernal watering-place we should have been all right," rejoined Wetherell, and then the two sat silently listening to the tree-toads again.

"Hi, Jack! I've got an idea," shouted Wetherell, presently, rising and kicking over his chair in an ecstasy of excitement.

"Bother!" replied Savage; "you needn't scare the life out of a fellow with your first idea, as if it were your first baby; sit down, and don't be rushing up and down there like a maniac."

For, in his excitement, born of his "idea," Tom was walking the piazza as if for a wager.

"Hold your tongue!" he replied; "and let me work it out, will

you? I think I see my way, not only to paying off our bill and our expenses home, but to making some money into the bargain."

Jack held his tongue as desired, and Wetherell continued to walk the piazza in a brown study, evidently pondering over some complicated conception.

Jack was not over-sanguine as to the merits of his friend's "idea;" and his musings were not altogether of a pleasant nature. He was thinking of Maggie Campbell—the pretty, genial, lovable girl, whom he had thought himself only flirting with, but whom he now knew to be very necessary to his future happiness. Jack was an appreciative youth; and, though not vain, he felt that he had made a decided impression on the lovely Maggie, and, further, that his attentions were not in the least displeasing to the young lady's mother; and now the whole affair was to be kicked over for want of a few paltry dollars; for he knew that the condition of things could not be kept a secret, and, once out, the game would be up, for the old lady would be very shy of trusting her daughter to a young man who must be either a swindler or a very bad manager, to put it in the mildest form.

The sound of laughing voices was heard coming up the road, and presently the gate swung open, and Mrs. Campbell and her two daughters came up the drive to the house, escorted by the gentleman at whose house they had been visiting. Jack's heart gave a big bound as he caught sight of her trim figure, and heard her musical laugh; and he found himself grinding his teeth at the mere presence of a gentleman in her company. The latter, however, left the ladies immediately, who joined Jack and his friend on the piazza.

It was a brilliant moonlight night, and the silvery light made the lake seem lovelier than ever; some mad impulse induced Jack, who had already taken possession of Maggie, to propose a row on the water; and, as there were no objections made, Mrs. Campbell retiring into the house, after charging them to be careful, they started for the boats. The girls were in high glee, and, when Jack proposed that they should go in separate boats and have a race, they willingly consented; so Jack took Maggie in one boat, while Tom and her sister entered another, and they pulled from shore to a stake which was a racing-point, and then the two young men bent to their oars with a will. They were about evenly matched, though Tom, being the taller, had the longer reach.

The usual racing-distance was a mile, marked by a buoy floating on the water, and both struggled hard for the victory. Usually, in such contests, Jack had come off conqueror; but this night he gradually fell behind, and, when about two-thirds of the distance had been passed, the other boat then leading him about three lengths, he stopped pulling, unshipped his oars, and, folding his arms, sat in silence, while Tom's ironical cheer sounded in the distance.

Maggie Campbell sat in the stern of the boat, rather surprised at Jack's unusual *fiasco*; and, as he did not speak, said, in her low, musical voice:

"What is the matter, Mr. Savage? Are you not well?"

Jack did not move for a moment; then he arose, stepped into the stern of the boat, and seated himself beside her.

They had drifted in-shore—the other boat was ~~out~~ of sight—and, as Jack came so near her, Maggie felt a curious sensation in her left side and a sort of swelling in her throat, while she wondered why Jack acted so strangely, and what he was going to do next. He did not leave her long in doubt as to that, for, passing his arm around her waist—a liberty he had never before ventured to take—he said, very quietly, but very passionately:

"Maggie, we are going to part pretty soon, and I may not have another opportunity to tell you what is in my heart to-night, and has been there these many happy hours that we have passed together. I want to tell you that I love you, Maggie, better than any one I have ever seen, and to ask you if I may not hope that I have gained a little of your love, too. I am sure I need you—oh, ever so much—and I shall want you to be my wife, if you will—not now, if you don't like, but whenever you can feel willing to come to me, and let me take you all to myself, to make—God permitting—a happy home for both of us."

Maggie's face had been bowing lower and lower, and now it was entirely concealed in her hands; and, when Jack ceased speaking, he found she was sobbing, while the little hand which he clasped in his, and tried to draw away that he might look into her face and read his destiny, was moistened with her tears.

For a moment he spoke not; then he said:

"Maggie, dear, have I offended you? Don't cry! And, if I have, I promise never to speak of this again, but to shut my hopes and wishes up in my own heart and make no sign."

You see Jack was a lawyer, and knew how to plead his case, and this time he got his verdict.

Dropping her hands, she turned her sweet face, wet with tears, toward him, and said:

"I am not offended, but it was so sudden"—here she laid her hand softly upon his—"but, if you will have a faulty and imperfect girl whom you have made to love you, I will be your wife whenever you wish and mamma consents."

The next instant Maggie's face was stowed away somewhere under Jack's coat, and then a series of curious noises was heard, after which Jack jumped frantically back to his seat, took his oars, and at once began to propel his boat with the most incredible swiftness down the lake, Maggie meanwhile arranging her hair and collar, which had somehow become slightly deranged, and then sitting quietly, with a soft smile on her face, watching Jack's marvellous strength and dexterity in managing the oars.

Presently they came upon the other boat, with Tom and Susie sitting very close together in the stern, and paying little attention to any thing but to each other. Jack gave a shout, and his friend jumped back to his oars.

"I say, Tom," said Savage, "I'll pull you back for ten dollars. I was only playing off when we came out."

"All right!" sounded from the other boat, and presently they were alongside.

Then began a race that was a race. The two girls clapped their hands, and cheered on the competitors, and at last Maggie cried out:

"A scarf of my favorite color to the one who wins!"

After that there was no use betting. Jack came neatly into the little dock two boat-lengths ahead, and then they all ran merrily up to the house.

"Jack," said Tom, after they had said good-night to the girls and reached their room (and, if they didn't kiss them, the little darkie that was skulking about the back-stairs lied consuemly)—"Jack, I've made an awful idiot of myself to-night."

"So have I," said Jack, sententiously, as he filled his meerschaum.

"I've proposed to Susie Campbell," continued Tom.

"Just what I've done to her sister," remarked Jack.

"And she's accepted me," whispered Tom.

"Ditto!" shouted Jack, at the top of his voice; and then, seizing each other by the two hands, they nearly shook them off, winding up with an *impromptu* war-dance about the room, which presently induced old Bob Rogers, who was shutting up the house, to shout at the highest pitch of his lungs:

"Ho, you young scapegraces, you'll have my house down in a minute! Shut up, or I'll set the dog on you!—Here, Caesar, st'-boy! st'-boy!"

A loud howl from the old toothless mastiff in the yard, and a concerted piece of laughter in bass, tenor, and soprano, from various parts of the house, finished the concert, and then Jack and Tom sat down quietly by the window to smoke and "consider the situation," as Tom expressed it.

They continued in earnest conversation, occasionally interrupted by suppressed laughter from both of them, until long after midnight, when they retired.

The following day they were absent from the house for several hours, and on their return announced that they were going to start the next morning on a fishing-excursion to a stream some twenty miles away, and would not return until the day after, but take up their quarters for the night at a farm-house near the fishing-ground.

Accordingly, the early morning saw them off in one of the landlord's wagons, duly equipped with rods and luncheon, while two curly heads popped out of an upper window, and two pleasant voices wished them good luck.

That afternoon, as the stage rolled up to the gate of the Assimiquid House, two gentlemen alighted, one slightly lame, elderly, and with gray hair; the other younger, with heavy black whiskers and a very red face. The landlord, as was his wont, walked up to the gate to welcome them; and, presently returning, introduced them to the

guests on the piazza as Professor Hamilton, the celebrated mesmerist from Edinburgh, and Mr. McDonald, his agent and assistant. They were shown to a room, and their luggage, consisting of a large wooden box and two heavy portmanteaus, followed them.

A few moments later a messenger was sent to the village for some boys to post bills in various prominent localities; and soon the little place was flooded with large posters as follows:

"To the inhabitants of Racketville and the surrounding country!
PROFESSOR HAMILTON,
from Edinburgh,
Will lecture at the Town-hall on
Thursday evening, at eight o'clock,
On ANIMAL MAGNETISM,
Illustrating this marvellous science
by experiments on such of
the audience as
are willing to offer themselves.
Tickets, 50 cents,
To be had at the door."

All the little township was presently agog with excitement; for, while every one possessed the greatest curiosity with regard to the subject of the professor's proposed lecture, very few had ever had an opportunity of witnessing any of the singular experiments said to have been performed by means of this wonderful science. The news spread through all the neighborhood, and, on the following day, farm-wagons in numbers came into town, as though it were a market-day, bringing the farmers and their families to hear the professor lecture.

Meanwhile Tom and Jack were still absent, and about noon on the Thursday came a letter to the landlord, saying that, as the fishing was so good, they had concluded to remain until Friday. Great was the disappointment of Maggie and Susie; and, indeed, they could hardly keep from crying when they thought of the young men missing the intellectual treat of the evening.

The professor and his assistant kept their room continually, having their meals served there, and being reported by the servants as busily engaged in writing whenever they were visible.

Evening came, and the hall was rapidly filled, until before eight o'clock it was crowded to its utmost capacity. The gentleman who had been announced as Mr. McDonald, sold the tickets at the office, while a young man, hired for the occasion, acted as door-keeper. Mrs. Campbell and her two daughters attended, of course, under the escort of Bob Rogers, the landlord, who kindly purchased their tickets for them. As he left the office, with the tickets in his hand, he was observed to make a peculiar noise in his fat, bull neck—something between a horse-laugh and strangulation—while his great, red face became purple, and Maggie Campbell had to pat him on the back vigorously to bring him to. He said he had swallowed a "chaw o' terbacker, and it went down the wrong way;" but the girls continued to regard him with considerable suspicion for some time, as a man who was not to be fully trusted, but might take it into his head to have a fit of apoplexy at any moment without regard to time or place. But the entrance upon the stage of the professor silenced the hum of voices in the hall, and at once attracted every one's attention. The gentleman entered at once upon his subject, and discoursed most learnedly on the character of animal magnetism; its causes, effects, and uses; its connection with polar magnetism; modes of applying it in cases of disease; the distribution of the fluids in man, and through all Nature; and so on, for about twenty minutes, when he concluded his introductory remarks by requesting such of the audience as were willing to step upon the stage and submit to various experiments, which he assured them would not in the least annoy or injure them. His request was followed by quite an inundation of rough farmers, and a few young ladies of the village. Seating about a dozen in chairs in a semicircle, the professor requested them to close their eyes. He then passed slowly from one to another, laying his hand lightly on the forehead of each, and making passes longitudinally down the body, and at a few inches' distance from it. He then stepped back a couple of paces and waved his hands with a slow, fanning motion, in the air; and then, clapping his hands, he said quickly and sternly, "Now you can't one of you open your eyes!" The effect was electrical—all tried, and not one could do it; it seeming as though their eyes were hermetically sealed. Quickly again, and with an upward motion of his hands, the professor said, "Now open them"

—they were opened; "Extend your right hands;" "Now you can't lower them!" The extended arms were rigid as iron. "Drop them by your sides!" and down they fell. The professor took a pitcher of water from a table, poured some of it into a glass, and handed the glass to the first on the line.

"What is that?" "Water." "It is cider; taste again!" "Why, so it is, and mighty good too," and he finished it at a gulp.

Refilling the glass, the professor made his subjects acknowledge the water to be wine, whiskey, soda, castor-oil, lemonade, etc., with entire success. Experiment followed experiment with startling rapidity. Now a young plough-boy imagined himself a velocipede, and tumbled about the stage on his hands and feet—a very good imitation. A young lady, who had never sung a note in her life, suddenly developed extraordinary musical ability, and accomplished "Shells of Ocean" with wonderful accuracy and melody. One rather foppish young gentleman who was stopping at the Assimiquid, and who had been very attentive to Maggie Campbell, placed himself in a very ludicrous position by being convinced by the professor that he was a candle, and going about asking every body to light his fiery-red hair. At last the professor set them all to following out, each, his own special idiosyncrasy; and then the scene was like Bedlam let loose.

They danced, sung, preached, laughed, cried, fought—until, suddenly, with a stern voice, the professor called them to order. In an instant they were quiet; and as the professor went from one to another, making upward passes before each, one and all rubbed their eyes, and were sane as ever again, but all entirely ignorant of what they had been doing during the two hours of the professor's experiments. With a neat speech, that gentleman bowed himself from the stage, accompanied by loud applause; and, as the lights were put out, every one went home full of admiration for his wonderful power and his graceful eloquence.

The Campbells returned to the hotel with the landlord, who said little, but several times seemed on the point of having another attack of his peculiar complaint.

The next morning the young ladies were delighted to find Jack Savage and Tom Wetherell in their seats at the table, they having returned—as they explained—at about five o'clock, but without any fish, at which the girls jeered them unmercifully, though they asserted that they had eaten them all before they broke camp.

But the lecture of the wonderful professor was the chief topic of conversation, and, as Jack and Tom knew, of course, nothing about the affair, they had to be enlightened, and a full account of his lecture and his marvellous experiments was accordingly given them.

Jack and Tom said they should go after breakfast and introduce themselves to the professor, and were greatly chagrined when Bob Rogers told them that he and his assistant had left town immediately after the lecture, being driven to the railroad-station by the door-keeper.

On the following day the party at the Assimiquid House broke up, some going one way, some another; but not until Jack and Tom had called upon Mrs. Campbell, and each received a favorable answer to his suit.

Somehow or other, the two young men suddenly became very flush of money—paid their hotel-bill, feed all the servants, and started for New York in high glee, having first accompanied Mrs. Campbell and the girls to the railroad-depot, where a most affectionate parting took place all round.

And I never knew how they got their money, until I spent last Christmas with Jack and Tom and their wives, in Jack's cosy little house in the city; and then Maggie told me, laughing until the tears came into her eyes, "Why, Jack was the professor, and Tom was Mr. McDonald, and they cleared two hundred dollars by the lecture; and old Bob Rogers knew it all the time."

FRANK H. NORTON.

AUBER.

DANIEL FRANÇOIS ESPRIT AUBER was born, during a journey which his parents made in Normandy, at the city of Caen, on the 29th of January, 1784. His father was a wealthy picture-dealer in Paris, and, being a highly-cultivated gentleman, he took the utmost pains to give his three sons as good an education as possible. Young François distinguished himself from his childhood by his ar-

dent love of music and drawing. Already, at the age of thirteen, he performed a *concerto* on the piano at which the future Empress Josephine was present, and, upon being loudly encored, played and sung a few *chansons* which he had himself composed. His father, however, believed that his son was not talented enough to become a great musician, and so he destined the youth, much to the latter's disgust, for a mercantile life. Young Auber had to leave his dear Paris with many regrets, and entered a London commission-house as apprentice. It soon became evident that he was not well fitted for that career. He would write musical notes in the day-book, and played on the piano after business was over, and composed songs till so advanced an hour of the night that he was often found napping over his ledger next morning. His employers finally wrote his father that they could no longer keep his son in their firm, and young Auber returned to Paris, where his father had, in the mean time, failed in business.

"François," he said to the young man, "I am no longer able to do any thing for you; henceforth you must earn your own living."

François promised to do his best. He had at least fifty compositions of his own, and went with them from one music-dealer's shop to another; but no one was willing to buy—nay, even not to try his compositions.

"He is a mere boy," said the dealers. "How can he be a composer?"

He was nearly in despair when he entered one day the store of M. Elain, a noted music-dealer of that period. He offered to the latter a trio for piano, violoncello, and violin. M. Lamarse, the greatest violoncellist of his time, and several musicians, were present. Struck by Auber's youthful appearance, they proposed to try the trio right away, and they were not half through with it yet when Lamarse sprang to his feet, shook hands with Auber, and exclaimed:

"Elain, publish this trio. I will play it at the next concert."

Elain complied, purchased the manuscript, and young Auber left the store with tears in his eyes and a few gold-pieces in his pocket.

Lamarse asked him to come and see him, and soon Auber passed several hours every day at the house of the great *virtuoso*. He was soon able to repay the latter for the service he had rendered him. Lamarse possessed no talents whatever as a composer, and, in order to obtain more liberal compensation for Auber's works, he prevailed upon the latter to let them be published under his name. Auber did so for several years, but one day Mazas, the great violinist, played at a concert a *barcarolle* written by Auber, which was so favorably received that the composer henceforth sailed again under his own flag.

His first operatic work was written at the request of a young girl with whom he was in love, for an amateur theatre, and was performed on the birthday of the young lady's mother. It was entitled "Julia," and was received with decided favor. This success, and the urgent recommendations of his friends, caused Auber to compose an opera for one of the public theatres. After studying for some time with Boieldieu and Cherubini, he produced the opera "Le Séjour Militaire," which was given at the Théâtre Feydeau in the year 1813. Auber confidently counted upon a success, but he was grievously mistaken; the opera was hissed. He was in despair; he thought he had wasted nine months in producing the work, and his friends, moreover, told him that it was now evident his talents did not run in that line, and he would do better to return to music-teaching and composing smaller pieces. That was, however, in those times, decidedly unprofitable, and, as Auber was very poor, he is said to have thought of committing suicide. One day he met Boieldieu, who, noticing Auber's gloomy air, asked him what was the matter with him.

"The failure of my opera," replied the dejected young *maestro*.

"Is that all?" exclaimed Boieldieu, laughing. "My young friend, my first three operas were hissed, too. Cheer up, and try again."

This was a true balm for Auber's wounded heart. He took courage, tried again, and the next time failed worse than before. But this second shipwreck of his hopes did not cast him down. He tried a third time, achieved a brilliant success, and thenceforth passed from triumph to triumph. He worked indefatigably and even more rapidly than Rossini, producing two operas to the latter's one. It would lead us too far to give here a complete list of Auber's operas, and we will, therefore, mention only a few of the more prominent ones.

It was in the year 1823 that the incomparable Henrietta Sontag

made her first appearance in Paris. Auber became acquainted with her, and at her request wrote for her "La Neige," an opera which was performed for one hundred nights in succession at the Opéra Comique, in Paris, and which the celebrated prima donna made popular upon every leading stage of the civilized world.

King Louis XVIII. cared nothing for music, and so the merits of Auber remained unrecognized during his reign; but Charles X. knew better how to appreciate the fine arts than his predecessor, and one of his first acts upon ascending the throne was to confer the order of the Legion of Honor upon Auber. And when the latter, in 1825, gave to the public his "Maçon," he was at once created an officer in that order. "Maçon" is one of the best comic operas ever written, and it is worthy of a place by the side of Boieldieu's ever-young and charming "Dame Blanche."

Auber had, meanwhile, been fortunate enough to become acquainted with Scribe, who, it may be justly said, was as a dramatist what Auber was as an operatic composer. Their acquaintance soon ripened into warm friendship, and henceforth these two gifted men worked together with truly fraternal harmony.

One day Scribe came to Auber with a radiant face.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed.

"What?" asked Auber.

"A capital subject for an opera?"

"What is it?"

"The air is full of revolutionary sulphur, and my libretto's hero will be Masaniello, the Neapolitan fisherman."

"But what will the government say?"

"Bah! it is going to the dogs very fast, and Paris will sustain us."

The two went to work on "Masaniello; or, the Dumb Girl," which was performed for the first time on the 30th of August, 1828. The success it achieved was indescribable. Every piece was applauded to the echo, and the grand scene in the third act, when Masaniello rushed upon the soldiers, gave rise to a tumult among the audience which greatly alarmed the king, who was present. The government intended to forbid further performances of the opera, but the threatening attitude of the Parisians caused it to abandon its purpose.

Auber's fame was now securely established, and large sums of money, as *tantièmes* for his operas, flowed into his purse from all countries of Europe. Distinguished honors, too, were showered upon him. Several foreign sovereigns made him a knight of their orders, and he was chosen member of the Institute and of several musical academies abroad. During the revolutionary year 1830 he published his "Fra Diavolo," whose success was almost equal to that of "Masaniello." King Louis Philippe and the whole royal family were present at the first performance of this delightful opera, and treated the composer, who attended, with distinguished honor, the queen giving him a costly diamond-ring.

How indefatigable and prolific Auber was during the following years is shown by the fact that, from 1831 to 1842, he wrote no fewer than twenty operas, not one of which was unsuccessful. In the last-named year the king appointed him, as successor of Cherubini, director of the Conservatory of Paris, a position which Auber, despite his advanced age, filled for nearly twenty years with equal satisfaction to the music-loving public and the most discriminating of art critics. How hard he worked in the discharge of the arduous duties of his new position is attested by his friend Villemot, who says, in an account of Auber's every-day life:

"I have known him for twenty years, and I have always asked myself, 'When does my friend sleep?' Judge for yourself. He rises at six, goes to the Conservatory at nine, dines at four, takes a ride at six, goes to the theatre at eight, visits some *salons* after the opera is over, goes home at midnight, and—sits down to work!"

His new position did not interfere with his productiveness as an operatic composer. Twenty-one operas were given by him to the public from 1842 to 1869. His last work was "Le Rêve d'Amour," which was performed at the Opéra Comique on the 21st of December, 1869. Auber was then eighty-five years old, and the critics concurred in saying that the music of his last work was as spirited, bright, and flowing, as if it had been written by a *maestro* of thirty.

The events of the year 1870 filled his heart with the deepest grief, and, gentle and amiable as he otherwise was in his manners, he denounced loudly and fearlessly the criminal folly of the latter-day Bonapartists who launched the country into a war which has heaped

upon poor France such untold calamities and miseries. There can be but little doubt that the misfortunes of his native land hastened Auber's death. For, notwithstanding the eighty-seven winters which had passed over his head, he was an exceedingly hale and well-preserved man. It is not many months since he was asked about his health, to which he made the reply, "Oh, I am quite well, and seem not to feel the burden of my years; only I am getting a little deaf!"

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

NOT nobler are the hearts that work than hearts that only dream;
For real, as the things that are, are all the things that seem.

The waters gleam among the hills, the mirage on the sands,
And yet alike both image forth the self-same Maker's hands.

We sail along a rocky shore—the cliffs are gray and green,
While in the sunlit depths below as lofty cliffs are seen.

We float upon the waves of Life, with Death at either hand,
And what is false and what is true we may not understand;

We see the shadowy rocks beneath, we see the crags above—
How happy are the hearts that know the name of both is Love!

L. BRUCE MOORE.

THE MATHEMATICS OF THE UNIVERSE.

THE bee builds its cell in the form of a hexagon; but it has no conception of the mathematical value of that form, and could have no comprehension whatever of a demonstration that this is the most perfect geometrical form for its requirements. The hostile camps of the ant marshal their forces in battle array, and go forth to fierce conflict; but they have no muster-roll of their cohorts, and can make no census of their militia. Abstract ideas, mathematical ratios, geometrical relations, are simply impossible to the lower orders of creation; they require a higher intelligence, and, among the various inhabitants of the earth, are comprehended by man alone. Such ideas are embodied in concrete results by the instincts of the lower animals without comprehension of the abstract principles on which they are based; they also appear, as in the form of the crystal, as in the curious proportions of chemical combination, in the effects of the operation of natural forces and laws, when all notion of intelligence—so far as the proximate cause is concerned—is entirely out of the question. There must be some explanation of these things, some reason why mathematical relations and geometrical combinations should thus abundantly exist in the productions of natural forces and of mere animal instincts.

Two widely-differing explanations have been offered. On the one hand, men have been taught for thousands of years—since the days of the patient man of Uz and of the royal Psalmist—that these things result from the workings of a higher Intelligence, which has so constituted the universe as in some sort to reflect and express ideas belonging to itself; on the other hand, some philosophers of various ages, but notably many of the present day, would have us believe that these results are simply the necessary effect of the operation of certain natural forces without the necessity of reference to any superior intelligence behind them.

The question is eminently one of fact; are the facts such as can, or cannot, be accounted for without the supposition of intelligence? We have here nothing whatever to do with the so-called "argument from design." There may be design, or there may not be, so far as our present inquiry is concerned—we have now nothing to do with that. We ask simply whether the universe in its structure shows evidence of abstract ideas such as can only be attributed to intelligence?

Evidence of abstract ideas is encountered in the geometric forms which pervade all Nature, from the orbits of the planets, with their "radius vector," to the forms of the snow-flake, the angles of reflec-

are sometimes found just opposite to each other, and at the same height on the stem; these then become the starting-points of two spirals represented by the same figures. Sometimes, again, the leaves or (what is botanically equivalent) the branches are in a whorl; here the spiral has been flattened down into a circle, and no more leaves or branches occur until the point is reached for the beginning of the next spiral, again represented by another flattened circle. The discoverers of this phyllotaxis were the Germans Braun and Schimper; Professor Peirce, of Harvard, first noticed that the periodic times of the planets were expressed by the same series.

| | PERIODIC TIMES. | | Ratio. | EXAMPLES. | PHYLLOTAXIS. | | Ratio. |
|-----------|---------------------|------------|--------|------------------------------|---------------------|----------------------|--------|
| | Observed. (Days) | Theoretic. | | | Turns of Spiral. | Number of Leaves. | |
| Neptune | 60,129 | 62,000 | | Grasses | 1 | 2 | |
| Uranus | 30,687 | 31,000 | | Alder, sedges | 1 | 3 | |
| Saturn | 10,759 | 10,233 | | Apple, cherry, oak, poplar | 2 | 5 | |
| Jupiter | 4,333 | 4,133 | | Holly, aconite, callistemon | 3 | 8 | |
| Asteroids | 2,000 | 1,550 | | House-leek, white-pine cones | 5 | 13 | |
| Mars | 687 | 596 | | Cones of European laurel | 8 | 21 | |
| Earth | 365 | 366 | | Certain pine-cones | 13 | 34 | |
| Venus | 225 | 227 | | Certain pine-cones | 21 | 55 | |
| Mercury | 88 | 87 | | | | | |

Certainly, this numerical relation would be sufficiently remarkable, were it observed only in the pure mathematics, in planetary motions, and in vegetation; it is actually, however, far more extensive, and is abundantly illustrated in animal life, as may be seen in the spiral arrangement of the tentacles of the polypus and of the spines of the echinus. These relations have always existed, but only within the present generation have been discovered, and our knowledge of them is still extending.

The geologist Dana remarks:

"Nature is throughout in a strait-jacket of mathematics. Chemical combinations—crystals, light, heat, electricity—all prove that there are simple numerical relations in the very constitution and in all the movements of matter; and even the multitudinous leaves of the forest are in mathematical order." †

The distinguished German physicist Mayer says:

"The rule which must be followed, in order to lay the foundations of a knowledge of Nature in the shortest conceivable time, may be comprised in a few words: The natural phenomena with which we come into most immediate contact, and which are of most frequent occurrence, must be subjected to a careful examination by means of the organs of sense, and this examination must be continued until it results in quantitative determinations which admit of being expressed by numbers. These numbers are the required foundations of an exact investigation of Nature." ‡

Of all the creatures of the visible world, man alone has any extended ideas of number. No other intelligence reaches so high. Is it, then, possible that these numerical relations in Nature, often so profound that even man has, as yet, been able but in part to trace them, dimly seeing beyond many that still elude his grasp, and not doubting of endless others, yet unseen, beyond—is it possible that these should have proceeded from any other source than an intelligent mind? "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host BY NUMBER" (Isaiah xl. 26).

Ideas of time are quite as mathematical and abstract as those of form and of number, and enter quite as fully as these into the constitution of the world. Time has sometimes been somewhat transcendently defined as "number in motion;" and, under any definition, the consideration of it is a sort of appendix to that of number. In one sense, all these ideas of form and number and time may be said to be merely human expressions of existing relations, and, in so far as they involve limitations, cannot be attributed to an Infinite Creator. This is a metaphysical difficulty, which it is not worth while now to discuss. Suffice it now to say that an Infinite Being can only make

Himself known to the finite through means which the finite can comprehend.

But to the point. Ideas of time are plainly seen in every part of the constitution of the universe. The revolutions of the planets and their satellites in their orbits and on their own axes; the alternations of day and night; the changes of the seasons—seed-time and harvest, summer and winter; the precession of the equinoxes, and their nutation; and, in a word, almost every fact of astronomical science, might be cited in illustration. Two facts only, chosen at random, may be quoted in proof. It is well known that our moon turns on its own axis in the same time that it performs its revolution around the earth, so that it always offers the same face to our view. Now, this is found to be uniformly the case with all the satellites of all the planets, as far as yet known. Although the eight satellites of Saturn vary in their periodic times from twenty-two hours—the time of revolution of the innermost—to seventy-nine days—the period of the outermost—yet all alike turn on their own axes in the same time that they revolve around Saturn. Here is a curious relation of time, forming a certain indication of some yet undiscovered law.

The other illustration is more complicated and curious, but requires a word of preparatory explanation. Suppose any three of the planets in order—as, e.g., Venus, the earth, and Mars—placed on the same line from the sun. It is plain that between any two of them, as Venus and the earth, there must be a point where the attractions of the planets on either side are exactly equal, so that an object placed there would remain stationary, being drawn with precisely the same force in opposite directions; so also there must be a similar point on the opposite side, between the earth and Mars. Of course, the distance of these points from the earth will be unequal, and must depend upon the relative mass of the neighboring planets. Between these two points, an object would be more strongly attracted by the earth than by the other planets. This space is called the "sphere of the earth's attraction," and, of course, a similar sphere belongs to each of the other planets. Now, the following law has been discovered: "The square of the number of times that any planet rotates on its axis during one revolution in its orbit is proportional to the cube of the breadth of its sphere of attraction." This law, although discovered within the present generation, by Mr. Kirkwood, of Pennsylvania, is an established one, and connects itself intimately with the nebular hypothesis.

Passing by this, however, it is very noticeable that here relations of time are interwoven with those of number, of space, of gravity, and, indeed, with all other physical relations.

But not less in every other science than in astronomy. Whether we speak of mechanics or of chemistry, of optics or of acoustics, or of whatever other science, it is impossible to consider their phenomena independently of the element of time. That element is essential to them all, and so enters into their results that we cannot conceive of the existence of the universe at all, if ideas of time had not entered into its original plan. In illustration, it is enough to refer to the undulations of the air, producing sound, and to those of a so-called ether, producing light and colors. When the particles of air are set in motion by a body vibrating with a certain degree of rapidity, they produce an effect upon the tympanum of the ear which we recognize as sound. The human ear can perceive these undulations only within certain limits of variability, these limits differing somewhat in different persons. The limits ordinarily given are between sixteen and eight thousand one hundred and ninety-two undulations per second. It is an interesting thought that, beyond, these limits, there must be endless variations, and therefore endless harmonies, which we are hindered from perceiving only by the present limits of the capacities of our bodily organs. The note depends upon the greater or less rapidity of the undulations, the shrill note being produced by the more rapid, the grave by the slower undulations. Hence, upon relations of time depend all the variations of sound, all the possibilities of harmony, the art of music, the power of oratory. The musical notes all have a fixed numerical relation to each other, according to the time of the vibrations and the length of the undulations. As the scale ascends, each note in the octave has just twice as many vibrations in the same time as the corresponding note in the octave next below. In the following table the note C of our ordinary pianos is given through a range of seven octaves; in the second column the length of each wave of sound is given in feet; in the third column, the number of waves striking the ear in one second. In the fourth

* This table is taken from Cooke's "Religion and Chemistry," pp. 290-308.

† American Journal of Science for March, 1866, p. 173.

‡ Mayer, "Mechanical Equivalent of Heat," p. 318.

and fifth columns the notes of a single octave are given, with the corresponding number of vibrations:

| | | | | |
|----------------|---------|-------|---|------|
| C ⁵ | 70 | 16 | C | 256 |
| C ⁴ | 35 | 32 | D | 288 |
| C ³ | 17.5 | 64 | E | 320 |
| C ₁ | 8.75 | 128 | F | 341½ |
| C ₂ | 4.375 | 256 | G | 384 |
| C ₃ | 2.1775 | 512 | A | 426½ |
| C ₄ | 1.08875 | 1,024 | B | 480 |

The undulations producing light are immensely more rapid, and give rise to phenomena in some respects far more striking. Each color has its own rapidity of undulation, and the intermixture of undulations of various rapidities produces upon the retina the effect of white light. As with the ear, so with the eye: it is affected by these undulations only within certain limits—those, namely, which produce the colors of the solar spectrum. That there are undulations, both within and beyond those limits, of which the eye cannot take cognizance, is amply proved by thermic and by chemical effects. It follows that all the beauty of color requires but a change in the human eye to be indefinitely extended in its range. The rapidity of the undulations by which our eye, as at present constituted, can be affected, ranges from four hundred and fifty-one million million per second, at the extreme red end of the spectrum, to seven hundred and eighty-nine million million at the extreme violet. At the point marked by Fraunhofer's line B, at the red end of the spectrum, the length of a single undulation, expressed in decimals of an inch, is 0.00002708; at the line H, at the other extremity, 0.00001547. The number of undulations in one inch, at the former point, is thirty-six thousand nine hundred and eighteen; at the latter, sixty-four thousand six hundred and thirty-one. Such numbers are, of course, entirely beyond our comprehension; but they are, nevertheless, well-established scientific facts, and through them we get a wondrous glimpse of the ideas of time on which the universe is constructed. The eyes of man and beast have been calculated, in form and faculties, with exquisite adaptation, to the perception and use and enjoyment of such relations.

There is not space to follow up this last illustration of light by reference to the deeply-interesting phenomena of the polarization of light, of reflection, refraction, double refraction, interference, etc. All depend alike upon fixed and unalterable relations of time, and through them time reaches to every recess of the universe where light penetrates.

Surely, enough has been said to show that abstract and eminently-mathematical ideas of form, of number, and of time, underlie the very constitution of every part of the universe. It would be infinitely more rational to intrust the locomotive under its full head to the hands of an idiot than to suppose that the universe could be governed, or could have been originally constructed, by any other than an Intelligence capable of understanding those ideas and of adjusting their relations in their most far-reaching complexity.

F. GARDINER.

MACAO.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF "THE LUSIAD."

DURING the summer months in China, Macao is to the foreign residents in Hong-Kong what Long Branch and Cape May are to New-Yorkers; one great exception being that the former seek ease and peaceful retirement from worldly cares; the latter, a constant whirl of gayety and fashionable dissipation. While wearily dragging out a self-imposed exile of many years upon the isle of "Fragrant Streams," I was accustomed to make periodical visits to Macao, which place had a particular interest for me, as the first foothold that Western civilization obtained upon the ancient shores of far Cathay, and the birthplace of one of the finest epic poems ever composed.

In the golden prime of the summer of 1866, I one day tossed my valise aboard the *Fei-seen*, and a few hours afterward found myself comfortably located in the veranda of an airy building on the Praya Grande, known as Reed's Hotel. O-moon, Macao, is a Portuguese settlement, having been ceded to some adventurous pioneers belonging to that nation in 1586, in return for services rendered by them in the suppression of piracy on the coast. It is situated on a small peninsula projecting from the southeast end of the island of Hiang-shan, which lies at the mouth of the Po-Kiang, eighty miles south-

southeast of Canton, and forty west of Hong-Kong. The peninsula is two and a half miles in length, by less than one in breadth, and is connected with the main-land by a low, narrow, and sandy isthmus, across which a barrier-wall, with a gate and guard-house, extends, to exclude foreigners from the interior of the island. The inner harbor, on the west side of the town, between it and the small island of Patera, is very shallow, therefore foreign vessels lie out in the roads, a safe and sheltered anchorage about two miles distant. A substantial stone praya, or sea-wall, stretches along the shore of the crescent-shaped harbor, and behind this has been built a row of lofty houses, whose cool cream-color contrasts finely with the glaucous foliage in the rear. Fine mansions, and what once were stately palaces, rear their roofs, here and there, from out the verdure that clothes the billowy hills, the apex of the highest of which is crowned with a square-towered Catholic cathedral, dedicated to St. Joseph. At the northern point of the peninsula is the Alameda, a public square planted with various trees, and down upon this frowns a not very formidable fortress; farther northward, however, is Del Monte, a defensive structure of greater pretensions. The campo is a well-constructed road that joins the Praya and Alameda, and upon this may be noticed all kinds of vehicles every evening proceeding toward the open plain which stretches as far as the Chinese barricade, and which forms a most pleasant drive, as fresh sea-breezes temper the warm atmosphere.

Macao is now but a mere wreck of what it was in former times. From the position of proud eminence it once held in the Eastern world, it has sunk down to the level of a fifth-rate watering-place. Once the key-port of foreign trade with China, the pride of the Portuguese, the much-coveted El Dorado of all other civilized nations, its principal traffic now consists in maintaining the last remnants of barbarism, by exporting kidnapped Chinese coolies to the Chincha Islands, there to be condemned to labor in chains upon the guano hills until death releases them from suffering and disease. As the stately palaces have gradually become dilapidated by neglect, so have the people whose ancestors inhabited them become degenerated by indolence and vice. No longer pioneers of civilization, no longer potentates, they merely hold equal place in the minds of men with the beacons that warn wanderers away from shoals and quicksands. The inhabitants of Macao, although they call themselves Portuguese, cannot properly be so designated, for, by continuous admixture with Chinese blood, their race has become an entirely distinct one, and, in every thing except language, differs materially from the Lusitanian. The Macanese, to use a term sometimes applied to them, have become, by consanguinity, endowed with all the prominent characteristics of the Mongolian. Their cheek-bones are high; their eyes small and deep-set in the sockets; their hair is coarse, straight, and blue-black; their complexions olivaceous; their stature decidedly below that of the Caucasian, and their ineradicable propensities, mendacity and chicanery, are especially typical of the Asiatic. They, however, maintain the religion of their ancestors, and are rigid in their adherence to the Catholic faith.

As is usual in all foreign settlements in the "Flowery Land," Chinese constitute the bulk of the population, and fill all the menial offices; this is fortunate for the Macanese, as foolish pride, their almost sole inheritance, and epidemical sluggishness, would have long since decimated them, if they had not been able to procure the "Chinese cheap labor" so much decried in this country.

The Oriental Hotel was presided over by an enterprising Englishman, who took care that visitors from Victoria—as a rule, most fastidious people—were well treated in his establishment; therefore I obtained an excellent dinner, and afterward enjoyed a cheroot and a delightful stroll upon the Praya. It was one of those calm and beautiful nights peculiar to sub-tropical climes. I stood alone upon the white sea-wall, and no sound fell upon my ears save the whirring monotone of fire-flies in the trees upon the hills, the periodical chime of bells from anchored ships, and the low, sweet cadence of the incoming tide, that rippled in phosphorescent splendor up the shingly strand. I thought it must have been such a night as this that inspired Camoëns when he wrote:

"Now Cynthia's rays with gentle lustre shone
Reflecting from the sparkling silvered waves;
In harmony, the starry sky appeared,
A field celestial strewed with heavenly flowers;
The furious winds, pent within distant caves,
In quiet slumber, undisturbed, reposed;
But through the silent night the watchful guard
On board the fleet their usual vigils kept."

On my return to the hotel, I requested the clerk to see that I was called at an early hour the following morning, and also to provide me with a guide who could conduct me to the cave wherein Camoëns, it is said, composed a portion, if not the whole, of his admirable epic:

"Soon as the glimm'ring marbled dawn appeared,
And from her lovely locks Aurora shed
Her first mild rays preceding rosy Morn,
When waked Hyperion runs his golden course"—

I was aroused from slumber by a neatly-attired, intelligent-looking Chinaman, who placed by my bedside a cup of fragrant coffee, and informed me that he was a guide, whose services were entirely at my disposal. I sprang from my bed, and, though only habited in light pyjamas and sleeping-jacket, ran down to the beach, where I chartered a small boat to convey me out to deep water. Very refreshing was my matutinal ablution! I dived far down into the clear lapis-lazuli sea, revelled a few moments upon its swelling bosom, and then returned to land, feeling that my whole system was reinvigorated. Soon afterward, I set out with A-foo, my *cicerone*, and, after threading a number of crooked streets, came to that part of the city which still retains conspicuous evidences of its pristine grandeur. These are chiefly to be found in the lovely gardens which surround mansions once magnificent, once the abode of the opulent and noble, now crumbling to decay, mouldering gradually, by reason of the neglect of the supine, impecunious, and degenerated inhabitants. Nature, however, has not ceased to deck the gardens, and they present a gay and most beautiful appearance, as the parterres and slopes gleam with the choicest flowers that can please the olfactory sense with their fragrance, or gratify the eyes with their rich and varied hues. The walls which surround these Edens are, at certain seasons, completely clothed with the night-blooming cereus, whose large, snowy blossoms fill the air with perfume; around the graceful fountains, the nelumbium spreads its broad calyx to catch the iris-glittering spray, and the lovely white *tsze-we-hwa* (*Lagistræmia Indica*) vies with the rich crimson *tsing-yê-shih-lew* (*double-flowered pomegranate*) in relieving the monotony of the virent leafage that envelops all. Standing amid these beauties of creation, I could easily understand why the Chinese poets give the name Flowery Land to their country.

After passing a fine mansion located upon the identical spot where the Franciscan Convent in which Camoëns lived formerly stood, we reached a square on the hill in the northwest corner of the town.

"Hoccy moon!" (Open the door) cried my attendant, unceremoniously applying his thick-soled shoes to a narrow wicket, and, in answer to the summons, a "celestial" gate-keeper appeared and admitted us into what seemed at first glance a perfect paradise. The balmy morning air was filled with the mingled fragrance of the rose of the season, the beautiful *hae-tung-hung*, and the white, milky blossoms of the *mô-le-hwa* (*Jasminum grandiflorum*), and from an aviary near by came the mellifluous matin-songs of multifarious birds. I learned from my guide that this *neou lung*, as he termed it, had only recently been restored; but it seemed, nevertheless, to be well stocked. One of the feathered inmates particularly attracted my attention; this was a very fine specimen of the bird of paradise. The Portuguese call the birds belonging to this species *passaros da sol*, or sun-birds, though they are sometimes designated *Manuco Dervata*, or the "birds of God." They are said to fly always against the wind, lest their flowing plumage should be discomposed; and it was long generally believed that they always remained on the wing, as they have very short legs, and the natives of Papua—their true breeding-place—used skilfully to amputate even these. The neck of this bird was of a beautiful and delicate canary-yellow, blending gradually into the fine chocolate-color of the other parts of the body; the wings were very short, and also of chocolate-color. Underneath them, long, delicate, and gold-gleaming feathers proceeded from the sides in two graceful tufts, extending beyond the tail, which was short and also of a chocolate-color, while two very long shafts of the same hue proceeded from the uripigium. At the base of the mandibles the delicate plumage had at one time (according as the rays of light fell upon it) the appearance of fine black velvet, and at another a very dark green, which contrasted admirably with the bright emerald of the throat. The mandibles were of a light-blue, irides bright-yellow, and the feet of a lilac tint. The elegant creature had a light, playful, and graceful manner, with an arch and impudent look, and seemed to be delighted at being made an object of admiration. Its notes were very peculiar, resembling the cawing of the raven, but its tones were far more varied.

We passed on through the gardens, and entered what seemed an almost impenetrable forest, for large trees interlaced their branches above our heads, and the tangled masses of the parasitical *Vitis vinifera*, which hung in festoons across the narrow pathway that ran along the hill-side, almost effectually impeded our progress. By proceeding carefully, however, we at length arrived at a small chapel, erected upon a gigantic rock in the very heart of the wood. Three enormous boulders of gray granite, hoary with years, mossy with lichens, constitute the cavern wherein the famous Luis de Camoëns found the retirement and inspiration that gave birth to "The Lusiad."

From the Portuguese settlement of Goa, in Hindostan, Camoëns was in 1556 exiled by the governor, Francisco Barreto, who conceived that his own conduct had been condemned in a satirical production attributed to the poet. A portion of this exile he spent in the Molucca Isles, but the greater and latter part at Macao. During the administration of Dom Constantino de Braganza, the viceroy who succeeded Barreto, he obtained permission to return to Goa; but, in the passage from Macao to that port, he was shipwrecked near the mouth of the river Mecon, where he lost all that he possessed, except the manuscript of his poem.

Camoëns himself refers to this episode, in his varied career of vicissitudes, in the tenth canto of his *chef-d'œuvre*, where Thetis says:

"Mecon, thy placid bosom shall receive
The Muse's song, though merged in the salt flood,
But rescued from the perils of the storm,
And from the sad and melancholy wreck
Preserved, when, saved from dangers imminent,
The stern, unjust decree shall be enforced
'Gainst him whose tunefully sonorous lyre
Shall more of fame than happiness secure."

Musgrave, in the preface to his translation of this famous epic, says: "The very circumstances under which 'The Lusiad' was composed, are, in themselves, sufficiently interesting to advance a claim in favor of the poem. It was not amid the smiles of Fortune, the possession of lettered ease, the encouragement of discerning and wealthy patronage, that this arduous undertaking was commenced, prosecuted, and completed. This great work was accomplished amid the distractions and the unsettled habits of a military life—under the sterner frowns of oppressive poverty, the pains of exile, the sufferings of persecution, and the perils of an adventurous career in camps, in battles, and upon the waves. . . . A soldier, a patriot, a poet, Camoëns nobly fought the battles of his native land; cherished, under every privation, the most disinterested and most ardent love for his country, and cultivated the Muses, that he might raise a splendid and ever-enduring monument to her fame. Upon his tomb the sorrowful truth is recorded—that in misery he lived, and in poverty he died. But his last breath was an exhalation of patriotism, and his bequest an inheritance that is now regarded as invaluable by the nation, that, alas! only after his death, gloried in his birth!"

The derivation of the title of Camoëns's poem, perhaps, it would be as well to give. *Lusus*, the companion of *Bacchus*, is represented to have made Portugal his adopted country, and from him it was called *Lusia*, and its natives *Lusians*.

The cave of Camoëns is now barred by iron portals, through which, however, a view of the interior is obtainable. On a lofty pedestal in the centre, upon which a finely-executed bronze bust of the poet stands, are three stanzas from "The Lusiad," in bronze letters. As I stood gazing upon the features of the illustrious bard, my heart echoed a later poet's sentiment:

"Man's ingratitude to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Having attained the object of my desire, I returned to the hotel, and enjoyed slippereed ease during the fierce noontide heat. When the day was waning, however, I betook myself to the Casa Gardens, a fashionable rendezvous upon an altitude overlooking the inner harbor. From one of the western terraces the view was magnificent. The declining sun was slowly sloping to rest in the bosom of the sapphire sea, which sparkled and shone with vivid golden light stolen from the rich rays of *Phœbus*. Here and there light fleecy clouds, tinged with roseate and amber hues, flecked the clear azure dome of heaven, and, far away upon the horizon, the white sails of vessels could be descried—specks of life relieving and enhancing the glorious blending of colors.

WALTER A. ROSE.

SCENES IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.



ST. MARK'S CASTLE, ST. AUGUSTINE.

THE quaint little city of St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest European settlement in the United States, is situated on the Atlantic coast, in a narrow peninsula formed by the Sebastian and Matanzas Rivers, on the west side of a harbor which is separated from the ocean by the low and narrow island of Anastasia. It lies about forty miles south of the mouth of the great river St. John's, and about one hundred and sixty miles south from Savannah, in Georgia.

St. Augustine was founded by the Spaniards in 1565, more than half a century before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and was from the start a place of note, and the scene of interesting historical events. Its founder, Don Pedro Menendez, was one of the most eminent men of Spain, and a famous commander during the reign of Philip II., by whom he was sent to Florida at the head of an expedition comprising thirty-four vessels and two thousand six hundred persons, to colonize the country and suppress a Huguenot settlement made in 1564 near the mouth of the St. John's. He landed at St. Augustine on August 28, 1565, established his colony, and then marched to exterminate the Huguenots, which he effected with great vigor and cruelty, putting to death all his prisoners, "not because they are Frenchmen, but because they are heretics and enemies of God." Two years later, this massacre was avenged by a French adventurer, Dominique de Gourgues, who, with a small force of volunteers, attacked and captured the Spanish forts on the St. John's, and hanged his prisoners, "not because they are Spaniards, but because they are traitors, robbers, and murderers." De Gourgues, however, made no attempt to retain his conquest, but, after his deed of retribution was accomplished, sailed back to France.

Menendez was absent in Spain during this attack by De Gourgues, and did not return until the affair was over. He continued for some years longer to rule the colony, but finally returned to Spain, where his reputation for ability was so high that he was made captain-general of the navy, soon after which he died, at the age of fifty-five. His career in Florida, though stained with cruelty, was distinguished for energy and perseverance, and to him, undoubtedly, is due the credit of establishing the first permanent settlement in the United States. His selection of St. Augustine, as a site for his chief town, showed his good judgment. The situation was peculiarly favorable. The harbor, while affording ample accommodation for vessels bringing in supplies for the garrison, was inaccessible to those of a larger class, and was thus tolerably protected from the attack of a hostile fleet; while landward, the estuaries and marshes defended it from the Indians. A still more favorable feature in the location of Menendez's garrison, was its great healthiness. Surrounded by salt marshes, free from miasmatic exhalations, the pure and balmy sea-air preserved



the colonists from those fevers so fatal to the first settlers on our Southern coasts.

In 1586, Sir Francis Drake, the famous English filibuster, returning from an expedition against the Spanish West Indies, appeared off St. Augustine, and so terrified the Spaniards that they abandoned the fort and the town, to him without any attempt at resistance, and fled to the shelter of the forts on the St. John's. Drake took possession, and pillaged and burned the town, carrying away considerable booty. The principal public buildings of the place at that time were a courthouse, a church, and a monastery. After the departure of Drake, the Spaniards returned and rebuilt the town, which, however, grew so slowly, that in 1647 there were within its walls only three hundred families, or fifteen hundred inhabitants, including fifty monks of the order of St. Francis.

In 1665, a party of English buccaneers, commanded by Captain John Davis, made a descent upon St. Augustine with seven small vessels, and pillaged the town. The garrison, though consisting of two hundred men, do not appear to have resisted the attack, which, it is probable, was made from the south by boats.

In 1702, Spain and England being at war, an expedition against St. Augustine was organized in South Carolina, by Governor Moore, of that colony. It consisted of six hundred whites, and as many Indian allies, and its plan of operations comprised a march by land of one portion of the force, and an attack by sea of the other. The land force was commanded by Colonel Daniel, the naval force by Governor Moore himself. The forces under Colonel Daniel reached St. Augustine before the naval part of the expedition appeared, and easily



ST. FRANCIS STREET, ST. AUGUSTINE.

captured the town, the governor, Don Joseph Cuniga, and the inhabitants taking refuge in the castle, which was well supplied with provisions, and contained a considerable garrison. Governor Moore, with the fleet, soon after arrived, and invested the fortifications, but, not having siege-guns of sufficient calibre, could make no impression on the walls of the fort. Colonel Daniel



COQUINE QUARRY, ANASTASIA ISLAND, ST. AUGUSTINE.

was sent to Jamaica to procure heavier guns. While he was yet absent, two Spanish vessels appeared off the harbor. Governor Moore, fearing that he was about to be attacked by a superior force and his retreat cut off, hastily raised the siege, destroying such of his munitions as he could not remove, and barbarously burning the town. He retreated by land, abandoning his

vessels from fear of the Spanish squadron, whose appearance had alarmed him. Shortly afterward, Colonel Daniel returned from Jamaica with mortars and heavy guns, but found Moore gone, and was himself nearly captured. The expedition returned to Carolina in disgrace, but without the loss of a man. It cost the colony of South Carolina six thousand pounds, and led to the issue of the first paper money ever circulated in America.

In 1727, Colonel Palmer, an energetic officer, made a raid into Florida with about three hundred Carolina militia, and carried destruction by fire and sword to the very gates of St. Augustine, which, however, he dared not attack, though he sacked a Yemassee village about a mile north of the city.

In 1740, war again existing between Spain and England, an expedition against St. Augustine was organized by the famous General Oglethorpe, then Governor of Georgia. He obtained assistance from South Carolina, and from England a naval force of six ships. About the first of June his forces reached St. Augustine, which was defended by a not very numerous garrison commanded by Don Manuel de Monteano, the Governor of Florida, a man of energy and resolution. After a siege of five or six weeks, carried on chiefly by bombardment from Anastasia Island, Oglethorpe became satisfied that he could not take the place, especially as his fleet had withdrawn in apprehension of bad weather, and he accordingly embarked his troops and sailed away on July 9th.

Two years later, the Spanish Governor of Florida, the energetic Monteano, having received reinforcements from Cuba, sailed from St. Augustine with thirty-six vessels and three thousand men to attack the English settlements in Georgia. He met with some success at first, but was finally baffled, partly by the force and partly by the *fusée* of Oglethorpe, and returned to Florida. In the following year, 1743, Oglethorpe made a raid into the Spanish dominions to the gates of St. Augustine, advancing with such celerity and secrecy that the Indians attached to his force captured and scalped forty of the Spanish troops under the very walls of Fort St. Marks, the chief defence of the city.

By the Treaty of 1763, which established peace between Spain and



ST. AUGUSTINE CATHEDRAL.



THE CONVENT GATE.

England, Florida was ceded to the English in exchange for Havana, which had been taken by an English fleet during the war. This cession was very distasteful to the Floridians, and nearly all of them removed at once to Mexico and the West Indies. To offset this depopulation, great efforts were made in England to promote emigration to the newly-acquired territory, the fertility and salubrity of which were highly lauded in pamphlets, books, and newspaper articles. An association was formed in London, at the head of which was Dr. Andrew Turnbull, a Scotch gentleman, having in view the settlement of the large and very valuable body of land lying near Mosquito Inlet. They proposed to accomplish this purpose by procuring settlers from the south of Europe and the Mediterranean islands, especially from Minorca, who, living in a similar climate, might successfully transplant and cultivate the productions of that region on the rich lands of Florida. Accordingly, in 1767, fifteen hundred Greeks, Italians, and Minorcans, were brought over and settled at New Smyrna, on the Mosquito Inlet, ninety miles south of St. Augustine. There they remained till 1776, when their number was reduced by sickness to about six hundred, and this remnant, complaining of ill-usage on the part of the proprietors of the colony, abandoned New Smyrna in a body and made their way to St. Augustine, where lots were assigned to them in the northern part of the city, where their descendants still reside, and constitute an important and very interesting part of the population.

The British kept possession of Florida about twenty years, and then, in 1783, receded it to Spain in exchange for the Bahama Islands. St. Augustine, at that time, contained three thousand inhabitants.

"All the gardens in the town were well stocked with fruit-trees, such as figs, guavas, plantains, pomegranates, lemons, limes, citrons, shaddocks, bergamot, China and Seville oranges. The city was three-quarters of a mile in length, and about a quarter of a mile in width. It had four churches, ornamentally built of stone in the Spanish style. One was pulled down during the English occupation, the steeple of which was preserved as an ornament to the town. One of the churches was attached to the Convent of St. Francis. Their houses were all built

of stone, their entrances shaded by piazzas supported by Tuscan pillars or pilasters. Upon the east the windows projected eighteen inches into the street, and were very wide and proportionably high. On the west side the windows were commonly very small, and there was no opening of any kind to the north, upon which side they had double walls, six or eight feet asunder, forming a kind of hall for cellars and pantries. Before most of the entrances, which were from an inner court, were arbors of vines, producing fine and luscious grapes. None of the houses were supplied with chimneys or fireplaces. For the purposes of warmth, stone urns were filled with coals, and placed in the rooms in the

afternoon to moderate the temperature in weather sufficiently cool to require it. The governor's residence had piazzas on both sides, also a belvedere and grand portico, decorated with Doric pillars and entablatures. At the north end of the town was the castle, a casemated fort, with four bastions, a ravelin counterscarp, and a glacis, built with quarried stone, and constructed according to the system of Vauban. Half a mile to the north was a line, with a broad ditch and bastions, running from the Sebastian Creek to St. Mark's River; a mile from that was another fortified line, with some redoubts, forming a second line of communication between a staccata fort upon St. Sebastian River, and Fort Moosa, upon the St. Mark's River. Within the first line, near the town, was a small settlement of Germans, who had a church of their own. Upon the St. Mark's River, within the second line, was also an Indian town, with a stone church built by the Indians themselves, and in very good taste. These lines may be still distinctly traced. The churches spoken of, outside the city, as well as Forts Moosa and Staccata, have long since disappeared, but their sites are known.

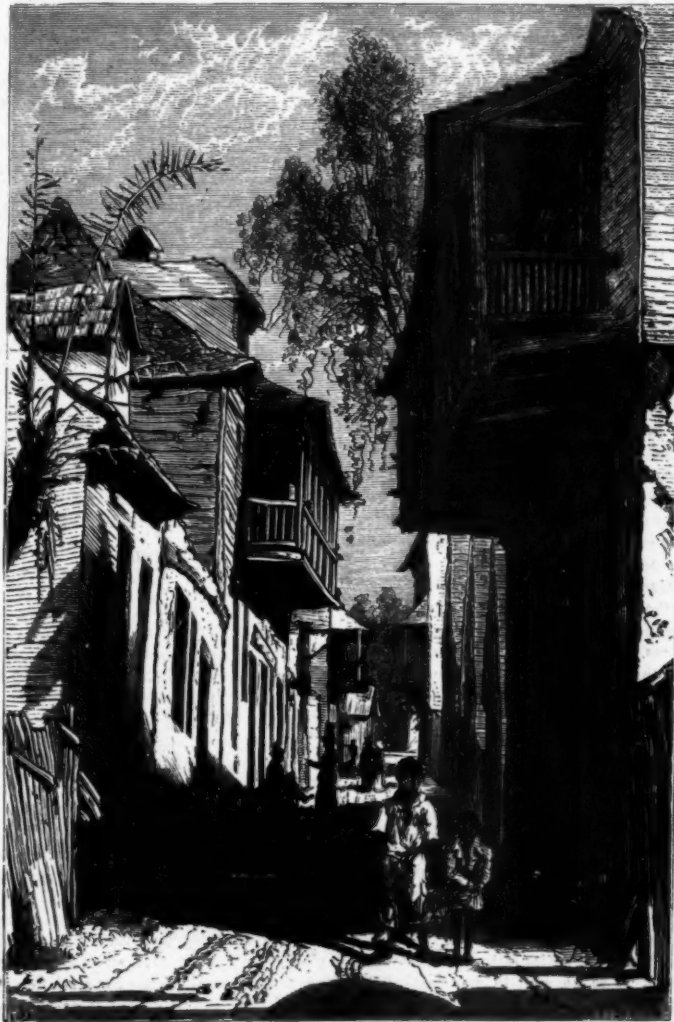
"During the English occupation, large buildings were erected for barracks, of sufficient extent to quarter five regiments of troops. The brick of which they were built was brought from New York, although the island opposite the city afforded a much better building-material in the coquina stone. The lower story only of the British barracks was built of brick, the upper story being of wood. These barracks stood at the southern extremity of the town, to the south of the present barracks, and the length and great extent of the buildings fronting on the bay added greatly to the appearance of the city as viewed

from the harbor. The city, in English times, contained many gentlemen of distinction, among whom were Sir Charles Burdett, Chief-Justice Drayton, Rev. John Forbes, the Admiralty Judge, General James Grant, Lieutenant-Governor Moultrie, William Stark, Esq., the historian, Rev. N. Frazer, Dr. Andrew Turnbull, Bernard Romans, Esq., civil-engineer, James Moultrie, Esq., and William Bartram, the naturalist.

"Some few English families remained after the evacuation by the British in 1784, and the entire settlement of Greeks and Minorcans, who had come up from Mosquito from Dr. Turnbull's colony. As

they were all Roman Catholics, and were accustomed to a language resembling the Spanish, they were not affected to any great degree by the change of rulers.

"It is a sad thing for an entire people to be forced to give up their homes and seek an asylum in some foreign land; and melancholy was the spectacle presented on all the routes leading to the harbor designated for the embarkation of the English inhabitants of Florida—families separating perhaps forever, long adieus between neighbors and friends who had together shared the privations and pleasures of the past, leaving behind them places endeared by the most sacred associations, and containing, perchance, the precious dust of the departed. Homes embowered among the orange-groves, and made pleasant by the fragrant blossoms of the honeysuckle, the rose, and the acacia; a land where Nature had lavished her choicest beauties, and created a perpetual summer—such was the land upon which the unfortunate residents of Florida were obliged to turn their backs forever."*



A STREET IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

In 1821 Florida passed by treaty from the dominion of Spain to that of the United States, and since then there is little in the history of St. Augustine that demands particular notice.

The most conspicuous feature in the town is the old Fort of St. Marks, which is built of coquina, a unique conglomerate of fire shells and sand, found in large quantities on Anastasia Island, at the entrance of the harbor, and quarried with great ease, though it becomes hard by exposure to the air. It is quarried in large blocks, and forms a wall well calculated to resist cannon-shot, because it does not splinter when struck.

* "History of Florida," by George R. Fairbanks. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1871. The latest and by far the best work on Florida.

The fort stands on the sea-front at one end of the town. It was a hundred years in building, and was completed in 1756, as is attested by the following inscription, which may still be seen over the gateway, together with the arms of Spain, handsomely carved in stone: "Don Fernando being King of Spain, and the Field-Marshal Don Alonzo Fernando Herida being governor and captain-general of this place, St. Augustine of Florida and its provinces, this fort was finished in the year 1756. The works were directed by the Captain-Engineer Don Pedro de Brazos y Garenay."

While owned by the British, this was said to be the prettiest fort in the king's dominions. Its castellated battlements; its formidable bastions, with their frowning guns; its lofty and imposing sally-port, surrounded by the royal Spanish arms; its portcullis, moat, draw-bridge; its circular and ornate sentry-boxes at each principal parapet-angle; its commanding lookout tower; and its stained and moss-grown massive walls—impress the external observer as a relic of the distant past: while a ramble through its heavy casemates—its crumbling Romish chapel, with elaborate portico and inner altar and holy-water niches; its dark passages, gloomy vaults, and more recently discovered dungeons—brings you to ready credence of its many traditions of inquisitorial tortures; of decaying skeletons, found in the latest-opened chambers, chained to the rusty ring-bolts, and of alleged subterranean passages to the neighboring convent.

Several other buildings in the town are worthy of notice for their quaintness or antiquity. The cathedral is unique, with its belfry in the form of a section of a bell-shaped pyramid, its chime of four bells in separate niches, and its clock, together forming a cross. The oldest of these bells is marked 1682. The old Convent of St. Mary's is a suggestive relic of the days of papal rule. The new convent is a tasteful building of the ancient coquina. The United-States barracks, recently remodelled and improved, are said to have been built as a convent, or monastery. The old government-house, or palace, is now in use as the post-office and United-States court-rooms. At its rear is a well-preserved relic of what seems to have been a fortification to protect the town from an over-the-river or inland attack. An older house than this, formerly occupied by the attorney-general, was pulled down a few years ago. Its ruins are still a curiosity, and are called (though incorrectly) the governor's house.

The "Plaza de la Constitucion" is a fine public square in the centre of the town, on which stand the ancient markets, and which is faced by the cathedral, the old palace, the convent, a modern Episcopal church, and other fine structures. In the centre of the plaza stands a monument erected in honor of the Spanish Liberal Constitution.

The old Huguenot burying-ground is a spot of much interest; so is the military burying-ground, where rest the remains of those who fell near here during the prolonged Seminole War. Under three pyramids of coquina, stuccoed and whitened, are the ashes of Major Dade and one hundred and seven men of his command, who were massacred by Osceola and his band. A fine sea-wall of nearly a mile in length, built of coquina, with a coping of granite, protects the entire ocean-front of the city, and furnishes a delightful promenade of a moonlight evening. In full view of this is the old light-house on Anastasia Island, built more than a century ago, and now surmounted with a fine revolving lantern.

The appearance of St. Augustine to the visitor from other parts of the country is as quaint and peculiar as its history is bloody and varied. Nothing at all like it is to be seen in any part of the United States. It resembles some of the old towns of Spain and Italy. The streets are quite narrow; one, which is nearly a mile long, being but fifteen feet wide, and that on which a principal hotel stands being but twelve feet, while the widest of all is but twenty-five feet. An advantage of these narrow streets in this warm climate is that they give shade, and increase the draught of air through them as through a flue. Indeed, some of the streets seem almost like a flue rather than an open way; for many of the houses, with high roof and dormer-windows, have hanging balconies along their second story, which seem almost to touch each other over the narrow street; and the families sitting in these of a warm evening can chat confidentially, or even shake hands with their over-the-way neighbors.

The street-walls of the houses are frequently extended in front of the side-garden—the house-roof, and perhaps a side-balcony, covering this extension—or the houses are built around uncovered courts, so that, passing through the main door of a building, you find yourself still in the open air, instead of within the dwelling. These high and

solid garden-walls are quite common along the principal streets; and an occasional latticed door gives you a peep into the attractive area beyond the massive structure, with perhaps a show of huge stone arches, or of a winding staircase between heavy stone columns, or of a profusion of tropical vegetation in the winter-garden, bringing to mind the stories in poem and romance of the loves of Spanish damsels, and of stolen interviews at the garden-gate, or elopements by means of the false key or the bribed porter. The principal streets were formerly well paved or floored with shell-concrete, portions of which are still to be seen above the shifting sand; and this flooring was so carefully swept that the dark-eyed maidens of Old Castile, who then led in society here, could pass and repass without soiling their satin slippers. No rumbling wheels were permitted to crush the firm road-bed, or to whirl the dust into the airy verandas, where in undisturbed repose sat the Spanish dons and dames.

There are two convents in St. Augustine, whose nuns are mainly occupied in the education of young girls. There are among them a number of nuns brought over from France a few years since, who teach, besides their own language, the art of making lace, and have also introduced the manufacture of hats from the palmetto and from the wire-grass, which is very strong and durable.

It must not be supposed, however, that St. Augustine is built wholly of coquina and in the Spanish style. There are many fine residences there in the American style. A profusion of tropical plants, and shrubs, and trees, ornament their grounds. Here the orange flourishes, and is abundant and delicious; several fine groves invite the visitor's inspection. The fig, and date, and palm, and banana, are all seen here, as also the lime and lemon, which grow to a great size, and the sweet and the wild olive; the citron, the guava, and the pomegranate, are all indigenous. The grape, and the peach, and the water-melon, also grow here with great luxuriance. The climate is not surpassed anywhere in the world, and, with a little enterprise on the part of the inhabitants, St. Augustine can be made one of the most attractive of American cities.

SCRIPTURE AND SCIENCE.

EVER since the advent of geology and the advance made in physical science, there has been an attempt, if not a desire, on the part of the respective friends of the Bible and science, to array one against the other, hence to involve both in contradictions. Thus seekers after truth have been really confused, and found themselves at fault, not knowing what to think. Now, as a believer in the truths of Scripture and natural science, we are prepared to affirm that both are in harmony, and that seeming or supposed variances have arisen from misapprehension entirely; and this we purpose to demonstrate.

According to Bishop Clark, the Bible is made up of two parts—the historic, or setting, and the revelation, which is distinct, therein contained. Now, physical science has nothing to do with that revelation, which pertains exclusively to man in his immortal nature, relates God's will and purposes toward man here and hereafter, and cannot be brought into antagonism therewith. Revelation is the arena for theological science and controversies about the faith, not discussions about physics. Natural science has a relation only with the historic account of creation, and with that it coexists, and we think concurs. For instance, the Bible and science combined give a fulness of knowledge, in a physical relation, regarding the heavens and the earth, which neither does alone. Their respective positions should not be lost sight of, and their aims should not be confounded. Though their teachings may be different, they are harmonious. What, for example, does unaided science tell us of creation in all its grandeur as a whole, as an evolution of God's thought? What does Biblical history discover concerning the development and particular action of matter? But the Bible and science together inform us in regard to both. The former instructs us, not only that God created the earth, but describes the *cons*, or formative ages, through which it passed, until with the seventh evening began the seventh day, *con*, or age, the one in which God "rested," and in which we now live. The latter teaches us by argument and demonstration the nature of matter, the laws originally impressed upon it by God, and as far as possible explains the action of those laws. Grant that the whole of our solar system was contained

at first in one vast *nebula*. Scripture informs us that God created it in the beginning, and declares briefly and generally the mode of its development until the earth was fit for the habitation of man, and science unfolds the laws of that development. The Bible is anterior to science. True science existed in embryo before Moses wrote, and indeed was taught ages before he was born; but the early chapters of Genesis, whether written by Moses, or partly written and partly compiled, as some modern Hebraists infer, being a declaration of God's primeval action, must be far older than science, which is the product of man's intellect, can be. Hence, science should not be deemed, as some say, a subordinate revelation; for, as we have shown, it has nothing to do with the revelation contained in Scripture, and is clearly a human work. As well might you place the labors of the most pious and learned commentator on a level with the text he endeavors to elucidate, as confound geology and Holy Writ, in regard to the great facts of the creation of the earth. On the birth of the world the Bible is the text, science the illustrator. The grand truths of the former are illumined in their minute details by the exact teachings of the latter. Thus the two dwell together, history and science, to promote the glory of the Creator and enlarge the knowledge of man.

There are four or five points with respect to which Scripture and science are supposed by some to be at variance, viz., the days of creation, the revolution of the earth upon its axis, the coming in of death with man's transgression, the universality of the deluge, and the antiquity of man. We are inclined to think that the want of harmony is imaginary, and the idea of it springs from want of knowledge of the real subject. Let us briefly examine these points:

First. The days of creation could not have been our days—periods of twenty-four hours, as we divide time—for it was not until the fourth *yom*, or day, that the sun appeared to constitute manifestly any such days; though, as the earth revolved upon its axis, and around the sun, such days did exist from the beginning, subordinate to solar years included in the days of the Mosaic cosmogony. The days of Genesis undoubtedly were *eons*, long ages, each of which involved an exact space of time, was a complete cycle of existence in itself, and terminated, according to the formative law of the Creator, only to give birth to another, different, but not less wonderful. The seventh *eon* is now passing. It is the day in which, as was finely said by Hugh Miller, God rested from His work of creation, to undertake that of redemption. The eighth *eon* is to come, and we trust will be the day of peace to all.

Second. The revolution of the earth upon its axis is distinctly affirmed by Job, when he says, xxviii. 12, according to the correct rendering of the Hebrew, "It turneth round," as we showed at length in a previous article.

Third. The death referred to in Genesis, and commented upon by St. Paul, is *spiritual* death, not physical, as every scholar ought to know, and therefore does not come into the category. Physical death marked the close of every *eon*, and will mark the close of the current one. Spiritual death, according to history, entered with the first transgression, on the seventh *eon*; it is the death which commentators say will exist when physical death shall be no more. Hence Scripture and science are not at war on this point.

Fourth. The deluge was universal for man. It destroyed the human race, save Noah and his family. That was all that was necessary and all that the history of the event demands. A comparison of the Mosaic account with other portions of the Bible will show, in perfect agreement with the facts of geology, that a submerging of the entire globe need not be inferred to have taken place at the time of the Noachian deluge. In conformity, science proves that the deluge was local.

Fifth. The antiquity of man. The probability that the common chronology, placing the creation of man about five thousand eight hundred and seventy-four years ago, will turn out to be erroneous, need not alarm any one. The truth of the revelation of Christ, running from the promise of the Redeemer, contained in Genesis iii., to the last chapter of Revelation does not depend upon the correctness of the estimated chronology of the Bible as ordinarily stated by Usher and others. The creation of man may have been of great antiquity. Indeed, as the Duke of Argyll remarks, the more remote you make it, the more strength on rational grounds do you give to the declaration of Moses that all mankind sprung from one original pair, a declaration reaffirmed by St. Paul, when he says that God made all men of "one

flesh." The probability is that man is very ancient. We read that he became fearfully corrupted, and was swept from the earth by a deluge. Some of his remains may possibly be left. Subsequently, the family of Noah repopulated the earth. As they multiplied and spread abroad, and receded far from the centre of creation, they declined into barbarism, from which state many tribes never arose. Those who remained near the centre advanced in civilization. Nations grew up and passed away, like the people who inhabited the plateau of Asia, the Cushites of Arabia, and others, until the time arrived when recorded history, from its first faint lines in the rocks till its full development, preserved the story of man's life on earth. Now, not a particle of all this is opposed to revelation; only it does not concur with the vulgar chronology, which is only certain so far as it can be astronomically verified.

Thus there is no disagreement on any of these five main points. And, under a fair, scholarly examination, there will be found none on any others that may be suggested. The sum of the matter is, a true rendering of the original languages in which the Scriptures were written, sustained by a just exegesis, in no way conflicts with the teachings of physical science in any of its branches. Indeed, the more light is shed by accurate scholarship upon Holy Writ, and the more science is studied and developed, the more both will be found to be in harmony. We will not add any of what Professor Tayler Lewis calls in this connection "platitudes on the unity of truth," but simply remark that the true Biblicalist and the true scientist will not desire to array their specialties against each other for the gratification of sciolists, but will rejoice in the beauty and sublimity of both, remembering at the same time, as Ruskin has so admirably shown, that there can be neither beauty nor sublimity without truth.

G. C. McWHORTER.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE moon may don her yellow zone,
The autumn winds pipe drearer;
By zephyrs were the rose-leaves strown,
The storms have harvests searer.
Before the blasts this once-warm life
At last begins to shiver;
Nor long will palsied souls have strife,
Nor withered leaflets quiver.

I've gayly rode through wheaten fields
Of amber stem and tassel;
I've watched the sheen of ordered shields;
I've spent long nights in wassail;
I've felt the joy in heralds' calls,
And in the ring of lances;
And harpers, singing in old halls,
Have rapt me into trances.

I've known the joy of swaying man,
And proved the love of woman;
I've stood by friends when red blood ran,
And never shrunk from foeman.
But ah! what matter that I ride
Beside my monarch's bridle,
Or in the council-halls decide,
Or move the soldiers' idol?

Nor clash of steel, nor scent of wine,
Nor arms' encircling pressure,
Nor song of bard, nor Christ's own shrine,
Has power to grant me pleasure.
I take no joy in deed or dream,
Nor care for night or morrow;
But, like a lily on its stream,
My heart rocks in its sorrow.

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

TABLE-TALK.

RULOFF, the murderer, it will be remembered, appealed to the Executive for clemency on the ground that, if his life were spared, he would be enabled to complete his great work on philology; and a few correspondents of the papers took the same view of the question, urging that the services his great learning would render to science ought to induce the Governor to respite his sentence of death to one of imprisonment. This notion, entertained by a few people only, and which was quite as thoroughly ridiculed here as it deserved, has called forth in a London paper a long article, in which we are told that "any thing more *bizarre*, more grotesquely suggestive of the intellectual confusion in American society, of the way in which over there all moral beliefs are drifting toward the unknown, has not recently arrived." This is another instance of the common practice of seizing upon one or two expressions of opinion and treating them as indications of general convictions. The fact that Ruloff was hanged in disregard of his plea, and that the execution of his sentence was almost universally approved of by the public, are proofs that we scarcely needed the London critic's admonitions. But this critic is not so sound on the subject of crime and its penalty as he would have us believe. He says: "If a convict sentenced to death were offered his life on condition of his performing some excessively dangerous service to the community, the public conscience would not be shocked, the risk of his life for others involving at once a sentence and an idea of expiation; but Ruloff only offers in return, for a demoralizing immunity, to perform an act which would be to him the highest gratification of his own intellectual pride, an act which has no merit whatever, and can be accepted in payment only on the theory that punishment has no meaning except the advantage of the community. There is in such an acceptance no idea of any vengeance of right on wrong, no thought of improvement to the criminal, no notion of any new fibre to be communicated to the general conscience by the steady pressure of law, nothing but a cold calculation whether the community will gain more by slightly decreasing burglary, or by slightly increasing its general stock of knowledge." Now, we beg to assure this writer that, while it is true that no government can with propriety bargain with criminals, yet, in the opinion of very competent judges, punishment absolutely "has no meaning except the advantage of the community." The word "punishment," as it is generally understood, is misleading in these matters. Penalties rather than punishment are inflicted as a consequence of crime for the protection of the community, not for the improvement of the criminal. As the law can take no cognizance of crimes that do not affect or concern the well-being or security of the community, so its penalties can never rightly be inflicted for vengeance, or in the reformatory interests of the criminal. If it undertake a reformatory part at all, it does so because it is politic, expedient, of public ad-

vantage to the community, to do so. Men are put safely behind walls and bars because it is dangerous to the rest of us to have them at liberty. Murderers are hanged because it is believed that only this penalty is sufficient to deter men from killing. If the death-penalty is to be abolished, it should be removed from the statute-book, not because of sympathy for criminals, or for any reason in the world except the simple one that hanging is demoralizing to the community, the interests of which are better served by imprisoning than executing its criminals. The relationship of government to crime is one of force, not of morals; it is the instinct and the necessity of self-preservation. No man's life and no man's liberty can be taken from him by virtue of any authority in morals, or any right resembling parental direction or control; our right in this matter is the natural one of self-defence. Hence, while it would be very absurd to pardon or respite a murderer because he is learned in philology, and certainly very demoralizing and injurious to extenuate crime for any personal reason, whether it be Ruloff's learning or Mrs. Fair's beauty, yet, as the law inflicts penalties solely in the interests of the community, government is entirely competent to consider the substantial advantages that may arise from any special clemency to a criminal.

— While the cable has been loaded down with the brief and graphic narrative of the struggle of the Commune with the troops of the Assembly, and the woful scenes enacting in the fallen "siren of cities," we have only here and there had a glimpse of the Assembly itself. A motion or a ministerial explanation now and then has sufficed for the electric record of the ruling body of France. But one can imagine, from even these slight straws, that the wind has blown at times fiercely in the Versailles theatre, and that the stormy scenes which occurred in the same place in 1789, when Mirabeau thundered and Sieyès built vain constitutions, and Bailly was resolute, and the king timidly hesitating at the other end of the palace, have been reproduced under yet more dramatic circumstances. As we have more recently been getting clearer views of their deliberations, we are able to recognize the fact that the apparent cessation of party clamor and intrigue was not real. Ere long—perhaps even as we write—the fruit of the conflict of divers interests will become apparent. The Assembly was chosen, it is true, merely to ratify a peace, and then dissolve. Constituent powers were not included in the mandates which summoned it. But that body seems to have assumed its power, if not to make a constitution, at least to frame one, and propose it to the people. Besides, France is a land of *coups d'état*; kings, emperors, republics, conventions, and mobs, have equally availed themselves of a favorable opportunity to overturn the political organism, and substitute a new one. Possibly, then, this Assembly will consult precedent, and establish, if it can, or if the majority can, a government after its own heart. Of the four great parties into which France has for a quarter of a century been divided, the Orleanist, or *bourgeoisie* party, to which Thiers is supposed secretly to belong, preponderates

in the Assembly; next in numbers are the legitimists, composed mainly of haughty nobles and *abbés*; third come the republicans, who may be subdivided into moderates under Favre, Simon, and Picard, and radicals under Louis Blanc and Gambetta; and last, there is a very thin sprinkling—between twenty and thirty—of open and avowed imperialists. Efforts have been made to fuse the Orleanists and legitimists, and very likely these will succeed. As the Comte de Chambord, the heir of the eldest Bourbon branch (he being grandson of Charles X., the last Bourbon king, who abdicated in his favor in 1830), is childless, and as the Orleanist heir, the Comte de Paris, would, in the event of Chambord's death, become king, as the heir of the elder as well as the younger branch of the Bourbons, a coalition would seem to benefit both these interests. Chambord is fifty and apoplectic; the Comte de Paris is young and athletic. The consolidation of their parties would doubtless carry the Assembly. This would leave the imperialists and republicans—especially the latter, as a republic has been promised by Thiers himself—in a position of violent antagonism to the successful coalition. The Assembly was chosen in the midst of a violent and natural reaction against Napoleon. But it is not certain that the country, wearied with the recent excesses, would not, if appealed to, again repose its trust in, and ask peace and order of, the exile of Chislehurst.

— "Cornelius O'Dowd," in the May number of *Blackwood*, attributes the success of the Germans, in the late struggle with France, to certain social reasons, as follows:

"In the air of refinement he [the Frenchman] knew how to throw over vice, in that mock civilization he could impart to every step of wickedness, he contrived to stamp the more homely habits of other nations with the impress of an inveterate vulgarity; and it was very hard not to feel that, in passing out of France into Germany, you were descending from the drawing-room to the servants' hall. . . . It was this contrast—a contrast that Frenchmen took care should be palpably felt by all Europe—that wounded Germany to the quick. It was that daily sarcasm on their social inferiority they could neither endure nor forgive. Jena, and Magdeburg, and even Berlin, in the hands of the Frenchman, might, after long lapse of years, be pardoned. The insults of the first empire were, in a measure, forgotten; but the same grievance which weighs so heavily with the Americans in regard to ourselves stimulated the Germans against the French. There was a social disparagement, a perpetual sneer, at their ways and habits, and a tone of insolent compassion at their supposed deficiencies, actually intolerable. It was in this way that Count Bismarck utilized the imaginary insult to the king at Ems, and proclaimed M. Benedetti's impertinence throughout the Vaterland.

"It was this sentiment, very cleverly cultivated and ingeniously disseminated, gave the whole spirit to the war, and armed the Germans with an amount of rancor and bitterness not to be expected from their national character. To this was owing the irresistible determination against which French impetuosity broke and scattered like a wave against a rock; and without this the Red Prince might have written scores of pamphlets 'How to fight the French' in vain. It was in wounded national sentiment lay the stronghold of those hosts who crossed the Rhine, resolving never to recross it except as con-

querors. As for the French, they no more expected this character of onslaught than they were able to explain it. That these same landwehr, whom they had been taught to believe only a homely peasantry, could storm the heights of Spichern, or withstand the attack of five times their number, as at Gravelotte, was simply incredible. The personal slight—for it had become such—made each soldier a sworn enemy to France; and here was an element of combativeness that discipline could not invent, nor Count Moltke imagine. This was, then, the 'cohesion' which we all admired, and this that indomitable doggedness which we fancied had been manufactured by drill."

If 'O'Dowd' has somewhat overstated his argument, we still believe that it contains a large measure of truth. It may be questioned whether social motives in great historical movements are ever sufficiently measured or understood by historians and chroniclers. Take our own Revolution. The colonists were continually nettled and stung by the arrogance and airs of superiority of the full-born Britisher; and, in the army, every officer of colonial birth not only suffered in the way of promotion on account of his birth, but was ceaselessly an object of disparagement and contempt at the hands of those who were his official equals, and very often his inferiors in intelligence and cultivation. As an instance of the injustice which colonial soldiers suffered at the hands of regulars, it may be mentioned that in the British accounts of the defeat of Braddock George Washington's name was never mentioned. Great principles are powerful levers, no one will deny; but the wounds of pride, the bitterness of personal resentment, the stings of injustice or contumely suffered, often become the springs that unite and move men to passionate deeds, which are aided and justified by higher motives.

— We have taken occasion once or twice to comment on the extravagant manner in which some of our daily newspapers habitually speak of the evils of this city, and to protest against the impression created among persons at a distance that New York combines the wickedness of Sodom and Gomorrah with the turbulence of Timbuctoo. As a specimen of the effect of these rhodomontades we quote the following, from an article in the *London Spectator* of May 20th, on the murder of Mr. Putnam on the Broadway Railroad by a ruffian named Foster: "Foster will probably be condemned to a limited period of imprisonment, and then let out as a useful agent for the ruling ring. It begins to be clear that nothing short of a vigilance committee will save New York, and it is greatly to be regretted that the roughs do not kill a merchant a day. In about a fortnight the city would be in the hands of the respectables, backed by the militia, two or three judges would have been shot, and the astounding statement of a most respectable paper, that a man who walked down Broadway with a gold watch-chain would take his life in his hand, would be a falsehood instead of an exaggeration." At the very time that this nonsense was written Foster was found guilty by a jury, and sentenced to be hanged by one of the very judges whom the *Spectator* has

been taught to believe that a vigilance committee ought to hang. As for the danger of walking down Broadway, we can only say that it would give us great pleasure to see the editor of the *Spectator* making his first timid essay at encountering the terrors of that formidable thoroughfare. We should like to see him warily stepping from the shelter of his hotel, and, with one hand on his watch and the other on his revolver, resolutely braving the turbulent crowd, and expecting every moment to be obliged to decide between yielding up his money or his life. We can fancy his gradual disenchantment on meeting thousands of peaceable and polite citizens, many of them displaying gold watch-chains in the most ostentatious manner, and apparently without the slightest idea that they were thereby risking their lives, or that their persons or property were in any sort of danger. By the time he reached the Battery, or, indeed, long before, we imagine the Englishman would come to the conclusion that the "most respectable paper" on which he had relied for information about New York was guilty, not merely of exaggeration, but of downright falsehood.

— Among the new dramas for the summer theatrical season, "The Man o' Airlie," at Booth's, is likely to obtain a large share of popular appreciation. This play exhibits considerable freshness in theme and story, and, if not of powerful dramatic interest, has many scenes of quiet beauty and genuine pathos. The Man o' Airlie is a peasant-poet, James Harebell by name, in whom the character of Robert Burns is shadowed forth. The poet is happy with his wife and bairns in his simple cottage, and happy in the songs that he writes, and which are sung far and wide among his humble neighbors. He is ambitious for wider fame, and saves money to pay for an edition of his poems by a London publisher. Money and manuscript are intrusted to a friend; the friend is false, and misuses the fund. The poet becomes impoverished, and is obliged to sell his cottage and accept a secretaryship in Edinburgh. The frail health of his wife succumbs to the confinement of city life, and she dies. This loss, and the falsehood of his friend, so work upon the sensitive imagination of the poet that he becomes insane, and, wandering off, is supposed to be dead. Twenty years after, a statue is erected to his memory, and admirers of the poet gather to do it honor. Among the assembly is an aged, ragged, white-haired, crazy minstrel. The poet has come back unwittingly to assist in the honors done to his own name. This situation is new, pathetic, and very effective. The ragged poet is soon recognized, and restored to ease and peace, if not to sanity. This pleasing play ought to rival "Rip van Winkle" in the affections of the public. The character of the poet is well and touchingly acted by Mr. Lawrence Barrett.

— We hear a great deal about the vitality of truth, and the perishable nature of falsehood. But some lies appear to be very hard to kill. Nearly half a century ago, or, to be precise, in the year 1825, Mr. John Murray,

the eminent publisher, started, in London, a morning paper, called the *Representative*, which failed signally, and it has been subsequently said that Mr. Disraeli was the editor. Mr. Disraeli himself has repeatedly denied the charge, and his recent biographers have ceased to repeat it. We find, however, in the latest issue of *Once a Week*, an elaborate article on past London papers by a well-known writer—Mr. James Grant—in which the statement is revived in the most positive manner, with many particulars about the relations between the editor and the publisher. On scrutinizing these details, however, we find it stated that at that period—namely, in 1825—"Mr. Disraeli, though under thirty years of age, was then one of the most popular novelists of the day." This blunder is sufficient to show that Mr. Grant writes with conspicuous inexactness, and is not to be trusted in his facts. Mr. Disraeli was born in 1805, and consequently, in 1825, was only twenty-one years of age. It is scarcely necessary to say that a youth of that age was not likely to be selected by Mr. Murray to edit a great metropolitan daily newspaper.

— A morning paper recently contained the following statement: "It is generally understood among Mr. Darwin's friends in this country that the only terms he made with the Messrs. Appleton, in issuing his new book on 'The Descent of Man,' were, that they should print a thoroughly revised and corrected edition of his first great work, 'The Origin of Species,' of which hitherto there had been no complete American edition. It is to be hoped, for the credit of American publishers, that the Messrs. Appleton will be more generous than their bond toward the distinguished author, as undoubtedly Mr. Darwin's last work is destined to enjoy an enormous circulation for many years to come on this side of the Atlantic." This statement is erroneous, and does injustice to Messrs. Appleton & Co., who pay Mr. Darwin a copyright, the same as that usually paid to American authors. The English scientific writers whose works the Messrs. Appleton & Co. reprint—Messrs. Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Spencer, Lubbock, Lecky, and Galton—have copyright on their works, and enjoy every advantage in the sale of their publications that they would under an international copyright law.

— The *Saturday Review*, in an article on the Royal-Academy Exhibition of Paintings, says: "A new danger besets our English school. A few years since, pre-Raphaelism was the popular insanity, the fanaticism of fashion. Now, all is changed. The style for the moment affected is one of broad generalization, slap-dash cleverness, amounting sometimes to effrontery." The pre-Raphael insanity never obtained any positive hold with us; but the slap-dash style of which the *Review* speaks lives in full feather on this side of the Atlantic. In another place, the reviewer tells us that "nowadays painters affect genius and shirk work." Yes, and not only painters, but authors, actors, and many others, who imagine there is a short and royal road to excellence.

Correspondence.

A Queer Epitaph.

To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*.

Some forty years ago I spent some months in the then small town of Brooklyn. To help pass away the time, I, with a few friends, occasionally visited Duflon's Military Garden, situated at the turn of Fulton Street, where we amused ourselves in rolling ninepins. Immediately in the rear of the alley was an old dilapidated burying-ground, in which, while waiting my turn to play, I sometimes strolled and amused myself in reading the epitaphs. There was one large gravestone, fallen from its high estate and cracked, on which was an epitaph so remarkable that I copied it *verbatim, litteratim, et punctuatim*. Feeling somewhat curious about its origin, I made inquiry of an old resident of the town, and learned from him that, about the date given in the epitaph, there made his appearance in Brooklyn a German, who called himself the "Rain-water Doctor," and professed with that fluid alone to cure all the diseases which flesh is heir to. Under his care some wonderful cures were performed, and his reputation spread abroad in the surrounding country, so that the roads were crowded with people in carriages, on horseback, and afoot, wending their way to Brooklyn, seeking relief at his hands. He would not receive any pay for his services. The person whose epitaph I have copied was the first that died under the doctor's care; and so distressed was the doctor at the event, that he buried the defunct, and erected the tomb at his own expense, and himself wrote the epitaph. The doctor was a German, and probably did not very well understand the English language, and composed the epitaph in German; and, with the aid of a dictionary, translated it literally into English.

I was in Brooklyn not long since, and, although I hunted for, could not find any thing of, the old graveyard, nor of the gravestone. I think such a curious production as this epitaph should be preserved, and know of no better way of doing so than by putting it in your very valuable *JOURNAL*. I therefore send you the copy which I made at the time I first saw the epitaph, and hope you will hand it down to posterity.

Very respectfully,
SAMUEL HORTON.

"In the mournful instances of human frailty concurring to demonstrate the destiny: also, as a baneful occurrence of both, and of an unshaken resolution and usual disappointment: here lies the no more animated and wasting remains of Apollos Nickol born in Smithtown April 11 1776, the 14th of the same month 1811 departed and delivered up to the elementary menstruum of dissolution, nought, Resurrection, Ascension; Conspicuous example of an unavoidable fate, who after his having been tired of experiencing eight months of various diseases in expectation to find alleviation to his painful existence started in quest of relief: and firm in his resolution notwithstanding an inconsiderable distance contended three weeks in the road against the progressive obstacles of his perilous situation. Losing his design, to reach a dwelling which, his delusive confidence had flattered himself to find alleviance, the end of his distress, and complicated misery, but unfortunately found the one of his days accelerated by his bold attempt, and both his stranguy dropsical state, and the strenuous motion of the last vehicle which conveyed him to the one by whom he eagerly expected to be alleviated and receive his existence prolongation, but vain hope! soon aborted! subject likewise to asthmatical affection by a sudden violent paroxysm, effect of the combusted system stimulating the accumulated aqueous mass out of its recess, and which completely obstructing the airy passage speedily produced suffocation, and that fatally, this in-

cident terminated the earthly career, in putting a period to the painful life of the suffering venturing afflicted: sorrowful consequence which insuperably has condemned the one, he so considerably intrusted with his corporeal repair, to become of his disaster passive spectator, instead of a desirous benefactor: predetermined in the witness, which initially and peremptorily was to sustain the view of such sinister catastrophe, the inexorable parthees manifested to only have afforded to their destined victim enough of vital faculty, for reaching the spot where upon the minutes residue of the last hour was to be exhausted, and for impossibly having after the fatal final thread cut off: to memorise such a dismal event the concern it has caused to the unaccustomed beholder, may this cold stone relating the particulars be of a consolatory nature; for the surviving consort and relatives of the deceased and help them to be in their privation resigned to the unalterable supreme will, and with fortitude submit to the execution of its irrevocable decree.

Literary Notes.

MRS. HARVEY, in her "Turkish Harems and Circassian Homes," just published in England, gives good proof of the resources for pleasure that lie within the reach of wealthy people. With her husband, sister, and children, she went cruising in the schooner-yacht "Claymore;" and the scene opens with the appearance of the said yacht in the Golden Horn. There she went through, and courageously describes, the regular round of sights; she took a Turkish bath, saw the dancing dervishes, visited the inside of several harems, lounged in the Valley of Sweet Waters, cheapened goods at bazaars, and was magnificently entertained by various Turkish magnates. After a stay, as it seems, of some months, the yacht gallantly encountered the dangers of the Black Sea, and, passing through the dense white fog which ominously conceals the mouth of the Bosphorus, set sail for Sevastopol. The graves of the English and French soldiers, the mouldering ruins of the forts, and the battle-fields of Alma and Inkerman, were duly visited. As the record of an agreeable holiday the book is pleasant and readable, without giving indication of special literary talent.

Mark Boyd's "Reminiscences of Fifty Years" is likely to attract readers who are fond of personal recollections and gossip. Mr. Boyd has seen much of life at home and abroad, he has enjoyed the acquaintance or friendship of many illustrious men, and he has the additional advantage of remembering a number of anecdotes told by his father, who possessed a retentive memory and a wide circle of distinguished friends. There is considerable variety in the anecdotes. Some relate to great generals, like the Duke of Wellington and Lord Clyde; some to artists and men of letters, and these include the names of Campbell, Rogers, Thackeray, and David Roberts; some to statesmen, and among others to Pitt, who was a friend of Mr. Boyd's father, to Lords Palmerston, Brougham, and Derby; some to discoverers, like Sir John Franklin and Sir John Ross; and others, among which may be reckoned perhaps the most amusing in the volume, to persons wholly unknown to fame, or to manners and customs now happily obsolete. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

"The Novels and Novelists of the Eighteenth Century, in Illustration of the Manners and Morals of the Age," by Mr. W. Forsyth, is both instructive and entertaining, not only on account of its analysis of stories that few people now read, but which every one likes to know something about, but because it contains much

real information concerning the morals and manners of our ancestors. In the examination essayists as well as novelists are called up, the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, the *World*, the *Connoisseur*, adding confirmation strong to the testimony of Parson Adams, Trulliber, Trunnion, Squire Western, the "Fool of Quality," "Betsey Thoughtless," and the like. Mr. Forsyth's book is in its scope and material a novel one, and will be likely to give genuine entertainment to its readers.

The lovers of books of reminiscence and anecdote will delight in a new volume, from the press of Macmillan & Co., entitled "A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, Tragedian, with Extracts from his Son's Journal." By Julian Charles Young, A. M., Rector of Ilmington. A book more crowded with pleasant material one rarely meets with. It has many anecdotes not only of eminent theatrical people, but of distinguished politicians, divines, painters, and men of letters, the record covering nearly the entire present century. There is scarcely a person of note in England during all this long period of whom this charming volume has not some new anecdote or something fresh to say.

Summer travellers will find "Appletons' Hand-Book of American Travel, Northern and Eastern Tour," of great convenience. The ground it covers includes all the summer resorts west of Ohio and north of Delaware; and within this district are found all the sea-side places, all the lakes and rivers resorted to by pleasure-seekers, all the mountain-ranges north of those in Virginia. The book is of value either as a guide to the traveller, or for consultation for those who wish to ascertain desirable places to visit. This work was entirely rewritten for the summer of 1870, and has been revised for the present season.

Louisa Muhlbach gives in the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* an account of the flattering reception she and her second daughter met with at the court of the Khédive of Egypt. The Crown-Prince of Prussia had given the authoress of "Joseph II. and his Court" a letter of introduction to the viceroy, and the latter, after reading it, expressed much gratification at receiving an autograph communication from so great a captain as the crown-prince, and he said that the letter in question should be preserved forever in the vice-regal archives.

C. Scribner & Co., of New York, have issued, in one volume of moderate size, "Common Sense in the Household," a very well-prepared manual of domestic economy, prepared by Marion Harland, the well-known novelist, who, in its preparation, has used not her imagination, but her practical experience as a house-keeper for many years. The work is very thorough, and comprises not only all kinds of recipes, but useful and agreeable chapters upon "Company," "Servants," "The Nursery," and similar topics.

The latest issue in Scribner's "Illustrated Library of Wonders," is the "Wonders of European Art." It is a companion to an earlier volume in the series entitled "Wonders of Italian Art." This work embraces notices of the Spanish, German, Flemish, Dutch, and French schools, and serves as an excellent hand-book in relation to the more celebrated paintings in those schools.

Dickens's works are to be reissued in England in penny weekly numbers, each number to contain two new engravings.

Hallberger, the wealthy Stuttgart publisher, offers his establishment, including the *Illustrated News* and three other periodicals of very large circulation, for sale for half a million florins.

The Emperor of Germany has purchased the library of the late Professor Frederick von Raumer, the historian, who was once Prussian ambassador at Paris.

Arsène Houssaye, the well-known French art-critic and novelist, was arrested by mistake as one of the insurgent leaders, and came near being shot.

The most celebrated German novel, Gutzkow's "Ritter vom Geist," in nine thick volumes, has been translated into Russian, under the title "Rytzari Duchu."

Miscellany.

The Herschel Family.

THE death of Sir John Herschel gives occasion for the following account of this celebrated family: The little that is known of Sir John's ancestors is honorable. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as the representatives of three generations were called, were sound Protestants, in days and in places where Protestantism was a reproach. Abraham Herschel, the great-great-grandfather of John, was expelled from Mahren, his place of residence, on account of his Protestantism. Isaac, his son, was a farmer near Leipsic. Jacob, son of Isaac, declined agricultural pursuits, and gave expression to the family aptitude for music by making it his profession, by bringing up five sons to the same calling, and by developing musical ability in all his ten children. Among the five was the astronomer, Frederick William, who was born at Hanover in 1738, and came to England at one-and-twenty, a professional musician, but caring even more for something else than music—for metaphysics. To the end of his life, when he was known all over the world for his astronomical discoveries, his chief delight was in metaphysical study and argumentation. Perhaps we may ascribe to this taste, prevailing in the little household at Slough, the tendency of his scientific son to diverge into metaphysical criticism whenever his theme, or any interruption of it, afforded occasion in the course of composition.

John Herschel was born in the well-known house at Slough, where strangers were by that time coming from far-distant lands, to see the wonderful machine by which great news had already descended out of the sky. The astronomer let nobody use his forty-feet telescope, and he did not much like talking about it; but he could not prevent the world seeing the outside of it. Under the shadow of that mysterious erection did the child—the only child of the house—play in his infancy; and his earliest recollections must have been associated with the great telescope.

Sir John grew up among four elderly persons, three of whom at least were devoted to the same pursuits. His father was fifty-two at the time of his birth. His mother was a widow when Sir W. Herschel married her. As the marriage was a remarkably happy one, we may assume that the lady sympathized in her husband's pursuits, or at least honored them. The other two were Miss Caroline Herschel, celebrated as the discoverer of five comets, and a brother, who gave assistance in the observatory. How soon the child became aware of

how the nights were passed by these students, we have never heard. Perhaps he was unaware that, while he was sleeping the night away, his father and aunt were awake to the utmost stretch of their faculties, he at the telescope, communicating with her by a set of mute signals; and she in another room, noting his observations, and making calculations for him by lamplight, nothing moving but the pendulum and her pen, and nothing heard but the clock and an occasional movement of the ponderous machine.

But the house was kept quiet by day, for the watchers to sleep; and this must have been impressive to the child; and so must the visits of awe-struck strangers. Few were admitted, it is said; and none were allowed to use the great telescope; but here and there one was favored with an admission to the observatory, to be shown the method of commanding the field of search, or to be permitted (as one has recorded) to read small print at midnight "by the light from the small star in the foot of the goat." It is not surprising that John should have evidenced his love of natural philosophy before he left Eton. His lifelong and very conspicuous veneration for his father points to a happy childhood and youth under his eye. Comfort abounded at home, as far as money could procure it. The astronomer had four hundred pounds a year from the king; his lady had a considerable jointure; and the sale of his improved specula afforded a considerable income. It was from a thoroughly happy home that the boy went to Eton, and afterward to Cambridge.

A Scene in the House of Commons.

What would follow upon the execution of the parliamentary threat that the words of an honorable member should be "taken down," or that he should be "named," has long been a mystery. A curious extract from the new-column of the *Exeter Gazette* of the 8th of March, 1810, enables us to describe what did follow upon an occasion when both those direful threats were fulfilled. On the 6th of March, 1810, the House of Commons sat in committee to hear evidence in the inquiry into the Walcheren Expedition. The Earl of Chatham was under examination, and one of the members of the House, Mr. Fuller, conceived that several questions he had put had not met with that attention which their importance justified. Accordingly, when the Earl of Chatham withdrew, Mr. Fuller rose, and complained of the slight put upon him, adding, with an oath: "I have as much right to be heard as any man who has paid for filling the place he holds." The chancellor of the exchequer (Spencer Perceval, afterward premier) moved "that the words of the honorable member should be taken down." The committee assenting, the words were taken down, and, when the House resumed, Sir John Anstruther, chairman of the committee, reported the expression. The speaker then "informed the House" that it had "come to his knowledge" that a member had used unparliamentary language, which was a breach of the privileges of the Honorable House. He felt deeply grieved; but it would become his duty to name him. Here the irrepressible Mr. Fuller came to the assistance of the speaker by shouting out: "Oh, you need not be diffident! It's me, Jack Fuller." This did not tend to lessen the gravity of Mr. Fuller's position, and the speaker sternly ordered him to withdraw. He declined, and it was only at the earnest solicitations of his friends that he eventually consented to leave the House. The chancellor of the exchequer then moved that Mr. Fuller be taken into cus-

tody by the sergeant-at-arms. The House cordially agreed with the motion, and the sergeant-at-arms was fully instructed to take the honorable member into his custody. But the House, as it presently discovered, had reckoned without the honorable member. Mr. Fuller was found in the lobby, and, upon the sergeant-at-arms communicating to him the nature of his delicate mission, he rushed past him into the House, and, interrupting the proceedings, declared in a loud voice that the speaker had no right or authority to order him into custody. Who was the speaker? And what was the speaker? Why, he was the servant of the members, and by their habit of submission to him they had made him their master. In order that there should be no mistake as to whom he referred to, Mr. Fuller, who appears to have been a gentleman of characteristically frank speech, added that he meant "the insignificant little fellow in the wig over there." This is the last of the observations offered by Mr. Fuller upon this interesting occasion that have come down to us. A free fight between the honorable member and the sergeant-at-arms, who had the assistance of four messengers, followed, and eventually Mr. Fuller was carried out of the House. "Tis sixty years ago," but we feel sure that no member of the present House of Commons can read without a shudder that the right honorable the speaker was once publicly referred to in the House as "the insignificant little fellow in the wig."

The Paris Prefect of Police.

There was a tremendous hubbub in the Rue de Jérusalem on a recent evening, which arose, as I learned on inquiry, from the fact of the prefect of police being in a state of inebriety, or, rather, rabid intoxication. Some of the National Guards on duty declared that his Excellency (*sic*) was indulging in freaks which called for immediate interference, for the fellow's liquor had gone against the grain, and he was issuing orders for the arrest of his friends, and among them several members of the Central Committee, and the Civic Guard was seriously alarmed for the safety of the government. The prefect is a man of great physical force, having been engaged, before his elevation to his present dignity, in carrying bars of iron at a foundry, a calling which gave him more strength of muscle than brain. A long consultation having been held, a few intrepid warriors ascended the stairs of the prefecture, and, after a horrible overture of violent oaths and broken furniture, the monster was secured and dragged by the heels from his sanctum. Being a man of colossal size, it took half a dozen National Guards to remove him, and his struggles on the stairs were exceedingly creditable to his early training. He flung his long red hair about like a mane, and his large blue eyes rolled furiously. While a cab was being sought for the accommodation of this jovial functionary, he was confined in a room on the ground floor, and, horrible to relate, when a furore was captured, it was found that his Excellency had improved the shining hour to undress himself. Needless would it be to relate the time that was wasted and the struggle which ensued while the prefect was being forced into his clothes, and, finally bellowing like a mad bull, bundled into the cab in attendance. The National Guards on duty endeavored to present arms, but their state was only a few shades less deplorable than that of the gentleman who was being carted home to Montrouge, roaring like a wild beast. As the furore was driving off, the prefect forced his head out of the window and shouted lustily for his insignia of

office, and was somewhat appeased on getting his portfolio, scarf of office, and a swallow-tailed coat. The vehicle, as it disappeared in the distance, swayed from side to side, probably with fresh efforts made by his Excellency to escape.

Sculpture.

Of all the arts, sculpture may be said to be the noblest, for the reason that it is the nearest approach in human works to the imperishable. Music is under the influence of capricious taste more than any other art, and may therefore be called a thing of a day; painting decays; architecture succumbs to time; poetry—which is said never to die—is, with a few exceptions, soon forgotten; and the best of literature is consigned to the shelves of the scholar. But sculpture survives. Look, for instance, at the Egyptian marbles. The very history of the nations is written ineffaceably in their monumental works; while their great men, their institutions, their customs, traditions, laws, are otherwise forgotten, and the very site of their cities is known no more.

It seems to be the province of sculpture, more than any other art, to portray lofty sentiments. It is the grandest and purest in its mode of expression. Like poetry, to which it is frequently compared, it is more creative than illustrative. But the parallel ceases here. The fine frenzy of the poet, his ever-varying imagery, his digressive, florid habit of thought, would be fatal to the sculptor. His conception must be steady, compact, complete. His art is not to be taken up *ad captandum*. One sound idea, and only one at a time, is permitted to him; but that one idea embraces so much, is environed with such difficulties of taste and technical perfecting, that the finished statue may be said to represent as wide a range of thought as the finished poem.

Female Education.

The question of female education appears to have been in vogue even upward of a hundred and thirty years ago, as we find it was discussed at that time. But ideas then were not so advanced as in the present more enlightened age; for we read that "the most beautiful woman in the world would not be half so beautiful if she was as great a mathematician as Sir Isaac Newton, or as great a metaphysician as the noblest and profoundest schoolman. Learning is so far from improving a lady's understanding, that it is likely to banish the most useful sense out of it, making her know nothing at all of what she is most concerned to know. While she was contemplating the regularity of the motions of the heavenly bodies, very irregular would be the proceedings of her children and servants. The more she saw of order and harmony above, the more confusion and disorder would she occasion in her domestic affairs below. The more abstracted she was in her ideas and speculations, the greater stranger would she be to the rules and maxims of common prudence. Great learning in a lady is superseded by those charms that have a lustre in them which our highest attainments cannot equal." Our author evidently did not agree with the wisest of philosophers, Socrates, who has laid it down that "the female sex are as capable of attaining any art or science, of being every way as virtuous, and even as brave and valiant, as we are."

Monarchs retired from Business.

The following is a list of sovereigns still living who have been deprived of their thrones: Prince Gustave Wasa of Sweden, 1809; Count de Chambord, August 12, 1830; Duke Charles of Brunswick, September 17, 1830; Count de

Paris, February 24, 1848; Duke Robert de Parma, 1852; Grand-duke Ferdinand of Tuscany, 1860; Duke Francis of Modena, 1860; Francis II. of Naples, February, 1861; the widow of King Otho of Greece, October 24, 1862; Duke Adolf of Nassau, 1866; King George of Hanover, 1866; the Elector of Hesse, 1866; Empress Charlotte of Mexico, 1867; Isabella of Spain, 1869; Emperor Napoleon, 1870.

Foreign Items.

THE commissioners charged with the duty of examining the educational institutions of Rome have reported that those institutions were in a condition that could hardly be equalled in any civilized country. The Roman University had no library at all, and among its professors were few who could write Italian correctly.

A curious fact is, that about thirty thousand foreigners served in the army of the Parisian Commune. According to the *Gaulois*, eighteen thousand of them were Garibaldians; seven thousand English and Irish Fenians; twelve hundred Greeks; six hundred Americans; and six hundred Germans, Spaniards, and others.

Colonel Theodore Stoffet, Napoleon's confidential military agent, whose reports from Berlin previous to the breaking out of the war have attracted so much attention, has committed suicide at Verviers, in Belgium. He took a dose of Paris green, and died in great suffering.

The Marquis de Galiffet, whose love-affairs made him so notorious during the second empire, and who was the officer who was sent by Marshal Forey to present the keys of the city of Mexico to the Emperor Napoleon III., is now assistant adjutant-general of Marshal MacMahon.

The Orleans princes are still secretly in France. The Prince de Joinville and the Duke d'Aumale are at the *château* of the Duke d'Audriffet-Pasquier, whose father passed sentence upon Louis Napoleon after the affair of Boulogne.

Among the leaders of the Parisian Communists was a Belgian named Spithorn, who, in the year 1848, fired a pistol at King Leopold I. at Brussels. The king saved his life on that occasion by seizing Spithorn's arm and snatching the pistol from his hand.

Bishop Ketteler, of Mayence, now the great leader of the infallibilists in Germany, was formerly an officer of hussars, and still bears in his face the marks of a sabre-duel which he fought about twenty years ago.

The receipt which Carl Schurz gave in November, 1850, for the money he used for the purpose of delivering Professor Gottfried Kinkel from the penitentiary of Spandau, near Berlin, was recently sold in the latter city for seventy-five dollars.

Hoff, the German "malt extract" seller, spends every year three hundred thousand dollars for advertising. He is worth two million dollars, which he made in the last twenty years.

At a trial recently held in Vienna, it was proved that one Dr. Hetzfeld was an illegitimate son of Napoleon I. and a governess, whose acquaintance he made at Schönbrunn, in the year 1809.

Megy, the Communist chief of the Parisian police, obtained his notoriety by shooting, during the second empire, a policeman who entered his house for the purpose of arresting him.

Emile de Girardin proposes, in *La Liberté*, that France should be divided into fifteen states, and that the Constitution of the United States should be adopted for the country.

Prince Bismarck has recently told several deputations that were sent to him, that he was getting old, and that his health was by no means good.

At a horticultural fair held in Berlin, the Crown-Princess Victoria received the first prize for strawberries raised on her farm near Potsdam.

All of the valuable historical documents of Adolphe Thiers were saved at the destruction of his house by the Communists.

La Situation, Napoleon's London organ, will suspend publication on the first of July next.

Dr. von Schweitzer, the leader of the German socialists, and a prominent German dramatist, is dead.

Wrolewski, one of the leaders of the Parisian Communists, was formerly the court pianist of the Emperor of Brazil.

Paul Feval's death was caused by the shock he received upon hearing that his son had fallen in front of Fort Vanvres.

Alexandre Dumas, Jr., has purchased a house at Seville, and will permanently reside in that city.

Archbishop Darboy was greatly disliked by the Empress Eugénie, and but for her influence would have been created a cardinal.

George Sand was a nurse in the Paris hospitals during the insurrection of the Communists.

The Crown-Prince of Austria saved, the other day, his father's life during a hunt in the mountains of the Tyrol.

The Swedish Government has established a colony at Spitzbergen, which is said to be in a prosperous condition.

The Archduchess Sophia, the mother of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, has ordered a statue of her ill-fated son in Carrarian marble.

The Roman Countess di Gianotta has turned Protestant, and has been excommunicated by the pope.

Döllinger, the celebrated Bavarian adversary of the infallibility dogma, is one of the leading vegetarians in Germany.

General Bourbaki is insane, and is now an inmate of the lunatic asylum at Charenton.

Minnie Hauck, the American cantatrice, has been engaged for life at the Royal Opera in Berlin.

All the journeymen shoemakers in Germany have been on a strike for some time past.

Ducrot, the prominent French general, was formerly a dancing-master.

The *Gaulois* is now the French daily newspaper of the largest circulation.

The sale of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* has been prohibited in Germany.

Varieties.

A PLANTER near New Orleans, fearing trouble between his negro and Chinese hands, instructed the latter, in case they were troubled by any negro, to bring the offender before him, and he would see that justice was done. Soon after, he saw a procession of Mongolians coming from the quarters bearing a large package, which they laid before him. It proved to be a negro, who had previously annoyed the yellow boys, done up into a parcel and bound as only Chinamen can tie up goods. The tinted citizen was unhurt, but almost dead with fright. The leader of the Chinese solemnly pointed to him, remarking, "Negro, too muchee!" and then the whole party trotted back to work. It was an hour's work to untie the frightened negro, who, on his release, very cheerfully acted upon the suggestion of the planter to "make himself scarce."

From a recent English special report, it appears that Mary is the most popular Christian name, William ranking next. Of one hundred thousand children, half boys and half girls, six thousand eight hundred and nineteen bore the name of Mary, six thousand five hundred and ninety William, six thousand two hundred and thirty John, four thousand six hundred and seventeen Elizabeth, three thousand eight hundred and seventy six Thomas, etc. There were only twelve hundred and thirty-seven Arthur, twelve hundred and thirty-two Alfreds, and eleven hundred and seventy Edwards in the lot.

"We," says the Austin (Texas) *State Gazette*, "have been shown a private letter from T. A. Sampson, of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, in which he relates a very extraordinary circumstance of a negro preacher, who was stricken dead by lightning, while addressing the congregation. And, what is very remarkable, on the succeeding day, when his remains were carried to the grave, and while in the act of burying him, another bolt of heaven struck his coffin, leaving his remains a ghastly sight." This is very curious—if true.

Frederick the Great was very fond of disputation: but, as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter into the arena against him. One day, when he was even more than usually disposed for an argument, he asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, your majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such strong convictions, and who wears such very thick boots."

In dressing for photographs, dark-brown, dark-green, maroon and plain black goods without gloss, will make a rich drab color. Silks of the same color will take considerably lighter. Snuff, brown, dark-leather, dark-drab, scarlet, cherry, dark-orange, crimson, and slate, will also take a rich drab color. Violet, blue, purple, pink, and magenta, will take very light, and should be avoided. The hair should not be very wet or glossy.

The day before General Harrison's inauguration Mr. Van Buren called upon him and asked: "Is there any thing I can do to oblige you?" "Yes," said General Harrison; "my son-in-law, General Pike, died on the battlefield and left an only son, whose inclinations are, as his father's, for the army. I cannot appoint him." "Is that all?" said Van; and in two hours the commission was signed and sent to the young man.

A good story is told of the former Miss Lane while she was the charming mistress of the Executive Mansion. A photographer in New York presented her with an album, superbly bound, containing forty-two different views of Miss Lane. Jones remarked, on seeing it one day, that it was the most Miss-Laneous book he had ever seen.

The enterprising city of Denver, Colorado, which has four or five railroads centring there, has established a roadway for pleasure-driving one hundred feet wide, with two driving-tracks and five rows of trees, which extends over two miles, and affords magnificent views of the city,

the plains, and the grand snowy range of mountain.

About a year ago, half a dozen couples of children in Elmira, New York, got clandestinely married, "for fun." They returned to their respective parental mansions, but have lately confessed, and the parents, finding them married "for good," have had to publicly acknowledge the fact.

The ticking of the clock at the Cambridge Observatory can be heard in San Francisco. This is done by connecting the pendulum of the clock with the telegraphic wire in such a manner that the main circuit is broken and instantly closed again at every swing of the pendulum.

It will probably surprise many people to learn that the territory called the "British Isles," of which Great Britain and Ireland are the chief, lying off the European Continent, are fully five hundred in number, and that one hundred and seventy-five are inhabited.

It is stated that this year foreign tobacco has been sold and smoked in Havana, and also that Florida tobacco has been imported there, manufactured into cigars, and then sent abroad again as legitimate *Vuelta Abajo*.

"Administering lead through a tube" is what the papers call it in Michigan when one person shoots another. This is delicate, and certainly cannot hurt the feelings of the most fastidious murderer.

Elmira rats are not gifted with a superior order of intelligence, if reports are true. They steal shoe-pegs and stow them away under the delusion that they are oats—a notable example of moral and mental darkness.

Twenty-four car-loads of strawberries, comprising two hundred and fifty-six thousand quarts of the fruit, weighing two hundred and fifty tons, passed through Wilmington, Delaware, for the North, in a single day recently.

'Tis a solace for the man who is never happy unless he is winning or losing, or making a wager, to recall the witticism, "A man who don't bet is as bad as the man that does, or, at least, he is no better."

The King of Sweden has been nearly killed by dyeing his hair with a hair restorer said to be made of vegetable ingredients, but containing, as most of these restorers do, powerful mineral poison.

In Boston, last year, in five hundred and twenty-two out of three thousand four hundred and ninety-two marriages that were celebrated, the brides acknowledged being older than the grooms.

A Hibernian gentleman, when told by his nephew that he had just entered college with a view to the church, said: "I hope that I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon."

In Germany there are published thirty-three journals especially devoted to humor, and their circulation aggregates about three hundred thousand.

The steam-power employed in the United States does the labor of one hundred and thirty million men; while that of Great Britain is equivalent to four hundred million.

Striped snakes are now protected by farmers "as the only critters that will eat potato-bugs with a relish."

Female suffrage has been the cause of a sad act in Detroit. Mr. Joseph Coburn committed suicide because his wife wanted to vote.

In England the fact is said to be demonstrated that women will not confide in a female physician as much as in a male doctor.

Coleridge said that the atrocities of the French Revolution were fit to make a "holiday in hell."

It is said that there is no friendship between women so strong that one good-looking young man is not able to break up.

"Solidified beer" is popular out West. A man can carry enough of it in his waistcoat pocket to ruin a temperance society.

The Museum.

THE Chinese display a horrible ingenuity in producing the greatest possible suffering with the least apparent means of inflicting it. For example, one of the ordinary punishments in China is the compulsory kneeling, bare-legged, on a coiled chain. This does not seem particularly dreadful, but the agony that is caused is indescribable. Broken crockery is sometimes substituted for a chain. The most common punishment in China is that of the *cangue*, a sort of movable pillory. It is a piece of wood some four feet square, nearly four inches in thickness, and has a hole in the middle, through which the culprit's head is passed. The machine opens with a hinge, and when closed is locked, and a placard designating the offence is pasted upon it. As long as the *cangue* is worn the unhappy delinquent cannot feed himself, so that he would be starved to death were he not fed by casual contributions. Fortunately, it is considered meritorious to feed a prisoner in the *cangue*, and hence little risk of actual starvation is run, and the principal terror of the *cangue* lies in the pain caused by carrying such a weight upon the neck and shoulders. This instrument is often worn for weeks, and sometimes for three months, which is the extent of its legal use.

Finger-squeezing is another torture which is frequently used. Four pieces of bamboo are tied loosely together at one end, and a string passes through the other ends, so arranged that by drawing it they can be pulled closely together. The fingers are introduced between the bamboos, and by pulling at the string they can be almost crushed to pieces. This torture is often employed by the mandarins when endeavoring to extort money from persons whom they suspect of concealing their wealth. The ankles are squeezed after a similar fashion, only in this case the bamboos are much larger.

Most of the so-called minor tortures, i. e., those which are not directly aimed at life, are employed for the purpose of extorting money. The fact is, the mandarins who are set over districts only have a limited term of office, and may, indeed, be transferred at any time. As during their term of office they have to make up a certain sum demanded by their superiors, and have also to keep up considerable state on a nominal salary, it follows that they oppress the people to the utmost of their power, looking upon them merely in the light of tax-producing animals.

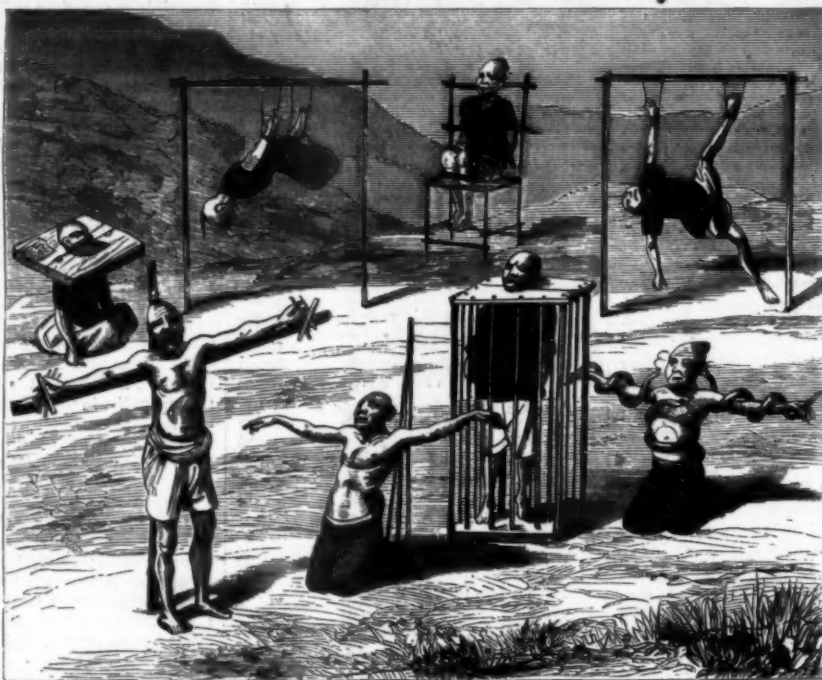
Beating with the bamboo is another common punishment. There are two kinds of bamboo for this purpose, the small and the large; the latter being capable of producing death if used with severity. Indeed, even the lesser bamboo, if the blows be struck with the edge, instead of the flat, bruises the flesh so completely as to bring on mortification, of which the sufferer is sure to die in a few days. A man of forethought, however, never suffers much from the bamboo, and, if possible, nothing at all. In the former case he bribes the executioner, who strikes so as to produce a very effective sounding blow, but in reality inflicts very little injury. In the latter case he bribes a man to act as a substitute, and, just as the first blow is about to be struck, some of the officers, who are also bribed, get between the judge and the culprit, while the latter rolls out of the way, and the substitute takes his place. A similar *ruse* is enacted at the completion of the punishment.

Powerful as they may be, the mandarins have not all the power of life and death, though they can inflict punishments which practically lead to the same result. Mr. Milne mentions a case of this kind. Two

men had been arrested in the act of robbing a house during a fire. This is rightly held to be the most heinous kind of theft, and is generally punished with decapitation. The mandarin of the district had not the power to inflict death, but contrived to manage that the men should die. Accordingly he had two tall bamboo-cages made, placed a man inside each, and tied him by his pigtail to the top bars of the cage. The cages were placed in the open air, in charge of officers, who would not allow any communication with the offenders. The natural consequence was, that privation of food, drink, sleep, and rest of any kind, together with exposure to the elements, killed the

men as effectually as the sword of the executioner. A modification of this mode of punishment is by covering the top of the cage with a board, through a hole in which the head

of the sufferer passes. It is, in fact, a fixed cangue. The top of the cage is adjusted so that the man is forced to stand on tiptoe as he is suspended by the neck. His hands being bound behind him, relief is impossible. This mode of punishment is shown in the last figure but one, on the right-hand side. The other figures speak for themselves, except that of the kneeling figure with snakes coiled round his body. These snakes are tubes of soft metal, fashioned in the shape of snakes with open mouths. They are coiled round the naked limbs and body of the sufferer, and boiling water is then poured into them, producing the most horrible torture.



Chinese Modes of Torture.

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